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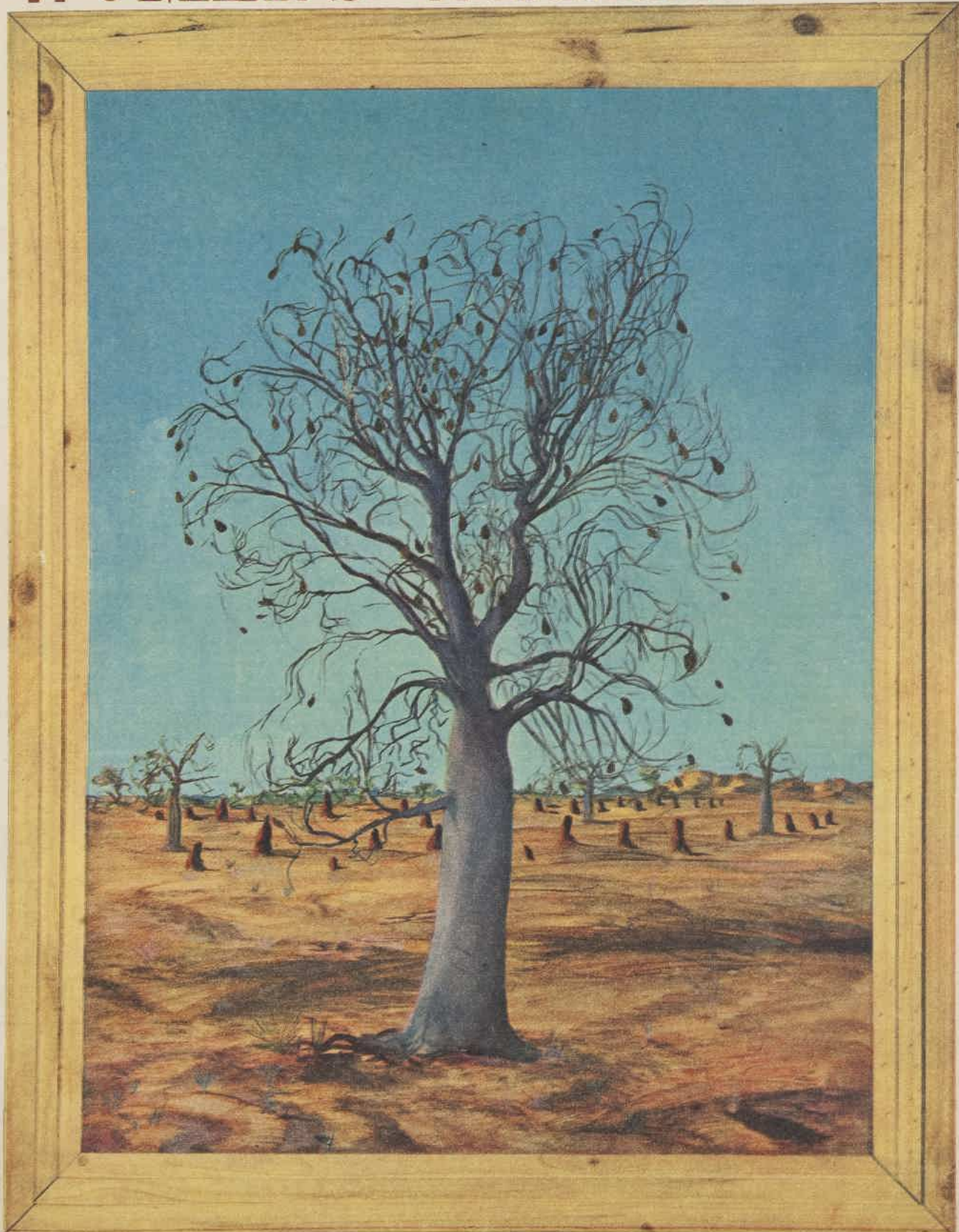
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JULY 8, 1950

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



BAOBAB TREE

By SIDNEY NOLAN

Mr. PHILIP WIRTH

Ringmaster of Wirth's Circus, says:—

" Small's Club
Chocolate gets top
billing from me."



SNAP



Mr. Phil Wirth, the distinguished Ringmaster, was educated at Wesley College, Melbourne. He speaks two languages fluently—has travelled all over the world booking acts and buying animals for the Circus.



Famous Wirth's Circus was founded over 70 years ago by Mr. Philip Wirth's father and three uncles. The Circus has been on two world tours... has survived earthquakes in New Zealand and a flood at West Wyalong, N.S.W. "The Greatest Show on Earth" owns over 60 wild animals... even has its own zoo. There are more people working on the labour staff now than there were in the whole Circus when the show first started. These days it takes a special train half-a-mile long—longer than two Melbourne Expresses—to move Wirth's Circus from one town to another.



"Chocolate experts have told me that the louder the snap the better the chocolate," says Mr. Wirth. "Well, take it from me, Small's Club chocolate snaps with a crack like the lion-tamer's whip. It's the quality chocolate with that not-so-sweet flavour. I give it top billing every time."



Small's make Great Chocolate

TEDDY—Miss Theodora Marchant—was beautiful and dumb. That is supposed to be very successful with men. Teddy didn't find it so. And now gloom made her even more silent than usual.

It was no day to be gloomy. The sky was blue. The sun glittered on snow, snow fresh and white. Perfect skiing weather, crisp and dry and cold.

And Fenn Petersen's huge car was rocketing north, three pairs of skis on the roof rack, their baggage stowed behind, Fenn and Teddy and Olivia in the front seat, Teddy in the middle. Teddy in the middle next to Fenn.

But Fenn and Olivia were talking and laughing across her as if Teddy weren't there at all. Livvy had insisted on driving up with Fenn and Teddy instead of in the Sayres' car, and now it was exactly as Teddy had known it would be.

Fenn was Teddy's man, but the only man at hand for the moment, so Livvy took over. Livvy couldn't help it if Teddy was dumb and just sat there without saying much. Teddy was the older sister, but Olivia was certainly the smarter, about men. Livvy could talk. And when she talked to a man, she had to get him excited and fascinated.

"I think..." began Teddy. Nobody heard her. "I think," said Teddy, louder, "that was the Sayres' car we passed back at that last gas station."

Nobody was much interested in this remark. Teddy wasn't herself. Which, she thought silently, was the way with most conversations. You didn't say what you were really thinking. Teddy's only real interest in the Sayres' car was a devout wish that her sister Livvy were

in it instead of here, monopolising Fenn's attention.

Of course, presently Olivia would be through with Fenn. Livvy's Professor Douglas would be at Lord and Lady Mountain.

Teddy hadn't been to college herself and hadn't met this professor person, but Livvy was really steamed up about him. Maybe partly because she hadn't quite known, at college, whether Professor Douglas took any special interest. So when his note had come at Christmas, suggesting this skiing party, Livvy's eyes had gleamed triumph. No, Livvy wouldn't be wasting her smiles on Fenn Petersen once the party got together at Lord and Lady Lodge.

"Leave him alone and he'll come home," murmured Teddy, "wagging..."

"What's that?" said Fenn.

"Oh, Fenn!" squealed Olivia. "Now I know who you look like!"

"Who?"

"Discobolus. That discus-thrower statue!" Livvy, unlike Teddy, was always able to forget the truth in the interests of bright conversation.

Teddy watched the pleased smile on Fenn's face. This was the kind of raw compliment Teddy always expected a man to squirm at, and he always didn't.

Teddy sighed. It seemed a long, long drive north and on north into the snowy Vermont mountains. Silent between Fenn and Olivia, Teddy read the road signs as they

came: "Williamstown 24, Bennington 9, Middlebury 16."

"Fenn," laughed Olivia, "do you know you came through that last town doing seventy?"

"Well, we want to get there before dark," said Fenn. "We'll roll in by four or better."

Teddy came alive. "Maybe we could get one run down the mountain before the lift stops!"

"Don't be an eager beaver," laughed Olivia. "You'll have two whole days on the mountain. After this drive Fenn needs to relax by the lodge fire while we faithful handmaidens pour Martinis over him and..."

But for once Fenn's approving glance was at Teddy rather than Livvy. "We might make it."

Fenn Petersen was a famous skier. Fenn was big and blond and handsome. And he had thought Teddy was gorgeous. Last week, anyway, at Big Bromley, he had thought she was gorgeous.

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The Australian Women's Weekly
July 8, 1950—Page 3

"Hurt?" the man on skis asked. "No, angry," came Teddy's terse reply from the middle of the snowdrift.

GAY ROMANCE ON SKIS BY BAIRD HALL

Double Dare

LUX... *So safe!*

Those tiny Lux diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... make stockings last twice as long!



Stockings lead a charmed life when you LUX them each night!

Double the wear from every pair! Tests prove you can actually halve your stocking bills this easy Lux way. Instead of using strong soaps or harsh washing methods, Lux your precious nylons when you take them off at night. Just add lukewarm water and watch those silky Lux diamonds billow up into such gentle suds — so safe for filmy stockings, kind to pretty hands.

Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.



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T

EDDY could really ski, perhaps because she loved it. Not only stem Christies and the bite of steel edges on a hard, fast turn, but also little fat pine trees sitting down in deep snow and quiet mountains looming over her. She loved skiing. So did Fenn Petersen.

They all changed to ski clothes. "Oh, Livvy," said Teddy. "Fenn and I could go and have a quick run, and then we'll all..."

"Thanks. I make it a matter of principle not to be left behind much."

Livvy was peeved. But Teddy couldn't help feeling eager. In a few minutes they'd be at Lord and Lady. On the mountain, on skis, Fenn would look at Teddy again.

When Livvy didn't get her way, however, she could be a little spiteful. Livvy manoeuvred herself into the middle of everything, and also into the middle when they climbed back into the car. And all the way up the north pass Fenn was flattered by Livvy's liveliest attentions. Livvy was only punishing Teddy.

When they eased into the crowded parking area below the ski lift, Teddy looked up with awe at the twin mountains — the Lady and, towering higher still, the mighty Lord, stark, black and white, and cold and clear in the late-afternoon shadow.

And now it would be Teddy's turn. Olivia was no match for Teddy on skis. Fenn and Teddy had met on skis. It was Teddy Fenn had come to be with this weekend. They rode up the lift in the thin cold breeze and, warming themselves again in the summit shelter, studied the map of trails.

"Here," Fenn pointed. "Log Chute Run looks like the prize."

"Well, I don't know whether Livvy can..." began Teddy, and was stopped by the quick glance of anger in Olivia's slant eyes.

"Log Chute is certainly my vote," said Livvy. "Let's go."

"We'll let Livvy start along first," smiled Fenn, "and if she spills we'll be on hand to pick up the pieces." He led the way out.

"Thanks for your solicitude, darling," hissed Livvy in Teddy's ear, "but you'll be very sorry if you try to make your Greek god think I'm just a dope."

Teddy got mad then — the kind of mad that brought a lump into her throat. All right. If Livvy wanted a skiing competition, Livvy could have it.

Teddy watched Olivia, then Fenn, push off. One of her own bindings felt loose, so Teddy adjusted it. Not hurrying. They could have a good start. Teddy was going to ski that trail hard.

When Teddy pushed off, the angry lump was big in her throat. Faster and faster, trees flashed past, bare black trunks and tall pines and the little squatting evergreens. At the top of a ledge, the main trail made a wide swing, but there was a cut-off, steep and narrow and dangerous.

Without hesitation Teddy plunged down it like a bullet. Ahead of her, Teddy could see where the cut-off rejoined the wider trail. But the wind hit her face and the lump was still in her throat. And for one fatal moment angry tears blurred Teddy's eyes.

There was bluish blur and then she hit him. Then man on the trail was coming fast too. And he was much larger than Teddy. And by the inexorable laws of physics, it was Teddy who rebounded farthest. She crashed through a couple of the fat evergreens and ploughed head first into the feathery drifts.

She hit no tree trunk or buried boulder. She didn't wrench a knee or sprain a thumb. But Teddy, come to rest in the deep whiteness, felt no urge to untangle her legs or push the prickly pine branch out of her ear. This was just too much. Presently the branch was moved

Double Dare

Continued from page 3

and the man was looking down at her. She blinked to get the tears out of her eyes and take a look at him.

"So you're not out cold," he said; "you were going pretty good hickory. Hurt?"

"No," said Teddy, "mad."

Out on the trail there was a swish and the rattle of ski poles. The newest arrival had on a blue jacket, white lettered SKI PATROL.

"Accident?" The patrol looked from Teddy to the first man. "Oh, hiya, Squint. Lady hurt? She with you?"

"I'm not hurt," said Teddy.

There was a brief silence. "Well, if you..." began the patrol.

"I was crying before I landed here," explained Teddy.

"Oh!" The patrol looked from her to the man called Squint, then back to Teddy, then busied himself clearing his skis as he said, "Well, didn't mean to butt in. Better be getting her on down though, Squint. I'm doing last patrol. Lift's quit." He pushed out on to the packed trail and vanished like something sucked down a drain.

"Feel like standing up yet?" The man still beside Teddy smiled slowly. "Come night, Ned Bisbee there will have it all over town I took a pretty girl up on the mountain and broke her heart. Maybe you better get to cover before the scandal gets too hot."

Teddy was untangling herself. The man was probably called Squint because his eyes crinkled, and when he smiled were crinkled almost shut. He wasn't going to ask why she was crying. He was a

"Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo."

—H. G. Wells

comfortable sort of man. Even nice-looking, but in a quiet, weather-beaten kind of way.

"You picked a lovely spot to crack us up," he said.

Teddy, having got upright, side-stepped to where he stood, looking off through a gap in the steep forest. Far below — miles below it seemed — a tiny town huddled against the base of the mountain. Teddy gazed down at the little toy houses.

"Is that the town?" Teddy managed a grin — "where the scandal will be?"

The man nodded. "Time I get home, everybody will know for a fact that I deceived you something cruel. Beat you, too, and would have left you in a snowdrift if Ned Bisbee hadn't come along. Guess you don't come from a small town."

"No."

"Too bad. You miss a lot of excitement."

"But when you explain..."

"Oh, heck. Do I have to explain?" Squint's eyes crinkled almost shut again. "First place, it wouldn't do a bit of good. And second place, I don't get credit for being a real lady-killer often... not with anything that looks like you."

Teddy laughed. She felt much better. Also foolish about smashing blindly into him. "I'm all set again. Shall we go? I'm not really as bad a skier as you think."

"Well, look, young lady; you take it a little easier from here in."

"I'll stay up," said Teddy, and pushed off.

At the next wide turn, Teddy had a glimpse of the man coming behind her. He was long and loose, not in perfect form, but with the native balance and ease of a born skier. He was almost comically relaxed.

Only a thin crowd sprinkled the white expanse in front of the warming house as Teddy swept across the last open slope. She passed under the high-hanging empty chairs of the idle lift, snowploughed, and waved a parting salute to the man behind. Then swung off towards the bank of snow that edged the parking area. Her eyes searched for Fenn Petersen's blond head above the departing crowds.

Then Teddy glanced across the parking area. She knew exactly where they had left the car. The area was no longer jammed. The cars were clearing away fast. Fenn Petersen's long, smooth, black-and-chromium sedan was gone.

The lodge was more than a mile down the road. Livvy would send Fenn back for Teddy, of course. Livvy had probably said she was frozen, and why didn't Fenn just run her down to the lodge and come back for Teddy?

"You could say it's none of my business," the man Squint was suddenly standing in front of her, his skis and poles over one shoulder, "but —"

Teddy drew breath for a bright reply, but the breath caught, and his eyes were unsmiling and kind, and Teddy said, "Oh, Squint — Squint," and wept without restraint.

Moving close, he sheltered her from passers-by, stood still and said nothing.

"Of all the fool things to howl about," said Teddy. And she told him. The truth.

"So," she finished, "they sneak off like a couple of silly kids. And I set up a howl like the baby the gang runs away from. Now you know the whole sad story."

"Your sister sounds like a stinker," said Squint simply.

Teddy laughed. "Oh, no. Fenn isn't my private property or anything. And Livvy doesn't care for him, anyway. She doesn't care for skiers. She has other fish to fry this week — an intellectual fish. She just got mad at me and I'm just being a goop."

The man grinned and studied Teddy for several silent seconds, then he said, "Well, come along I'll run you down to the lodge. You don't want to stand round waiting till your sister Livvy sends the un-intellectual skier back."

Teddy followed Squint. Teddy felt her anger rising again. Fenn was letting Livvy lead him round by the nose, was he? Well, she'd show them. Teddy marched beside Squint across the parking field. She'd show them.

"Not much to look at, but she's plenty experienced on winter back roads." Squint indicated a small pick-up truck, no longer young, unmistakably native to these rugged mountains.

Squint prised open one door. Teddy hesitated only a moment. The seat cushion was worn in ring marks where the springs poked. The motor started quietly enough, but as the car leaped into motion and gathered speed down the mountain highway the air was rent by the clashing and tortured squeals of loose body metal.

Squint smiled his crinkling smile down at Teddy. He was nice and kind. In his trim ski trousers and plain jacket he looked nice, too. He looked like any of the other skiers. And for herself Teddy didn't mind this rattling ramshackle truck. Somehow it, too, seemed kind and relaxed.

But Teddy could hear Livvy's voice as Livvy would tell at dinner of Teddy's rescue by a "local yodel." Teddy could see Fenn Petersen's bland face if she came riding up in this truck.

"There's the lodge," Squint pointed.

Please turn to page 22

PART FIVE OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

Work on Weekaborough Farm, in the west country of England, where FATHER and MOTHER SPRIGG and their 10-year-old foster-daughter STELLA live, comes a handsome lad, known as ZACHARY. Zachary has been befriended by a neighbor, DOCTOR CRANE, to whom he confesses that he is really ANTHONY LOUIS MARY O'CONNELL, a midshipman who has deserted from one of Admiral Cornwallis' Brest fleet. Dr. Crane respects Zachary's secret and tells no one else. A close friendship develops between Zachary and Stella. On November 23, 1804, the Brest fleet arrives at Torbay, a few miles from the farm. When one of the ships, Venerable, founders on the rocks, Zachary works as hard as anyone in the district to rescue the drowning men.

The next day he decides that, so Stella may be safe from the threat of a French invasion of England, he must return to the service. He confesses he is a deserter to two young officer-survivors of Venerable, who are lodged with Dr. Crane, and proposes to take the morning coach for London.

Now read on—

STELLA had already finished breakfast and gone out when Zachary arrived into the Weekaborough kitchen next morning and bluntly announced what he was going to do to-morrow. There was a moment of stunned astonishment and then Father Sprigg brought his great hand down with a crash on the table.

"Good for you, lad!" he roared. "Going for a sailor, is it? That's the style, lad! That's the style!"

But Mother Sprigg, that born mother, was grave. And as for Sol, his old face went grey and his mouth shook.

Zachary went to him and stood behind him, gripping his shoulder. "I'll be back for the spring sowing, Sol, I'll be back for the spring."

But old Sol shook his head. Then he

Gentian Hill

by
ELIZABETH GOUDGE

fumbled in his pockets and took out his bull-roarer. "Take it, lad," he muttered hoarsely. "I've had it man an' boy, an' my father afore me, I b'lieve, but I'd like ee to have it. It'll likely cheer ee up in foreign parts."

Zachary hated the bull-roarer almost as much as Stella did, but he could not refuse the old man's gift. "Thank you, Sol," he said, and took it with the gloomiest foreboding.

"Who's to tell Stella?" asked Mother Sprigg. "It had best be me."

"I'll tell her," said Zachary, with such decision that Mother Sprigg had to yield. "I'll be on Bowerly Hill at noon. I've a load of sea sand to cart to the clover field. Please, Mother Sprigg, will you let her bring my nummet to me there?"

"Ay, lad," said Mother Sprigg gently.

"After that, you'd best get home," said Father Sprigg. "There'll be plenty to see to. I'll miss you on the farm, lad." He looked up. "And remember, boy, when you're away, that whenever you come back Weekaborough Farm will have a right good welcome for you. Remember that."

Zachary turned on his heel precipitately, his boots making a great clatter on the flagstones, and left the room, banging the door.

He had finished his work and sat waiting under the yew on Bowerly Hill when Stella



Turning abruptly, the Abbe was amazed to see a small girl sitting sedately on a rock regarding him seriously.

at length came running up the slope towards him.

He got up and stood waiting for her, staring so that he would never forget the picture that she made. She wore her scarlet cloak over her green gown and little white apron, but the hood had fallen back from her tumbled dark curls. She stopped to pat Hodge, then looked up and saw him and laughed, running on again with Hodge leaping beside her, her face rosy.

She was too excited by the unusual adventure of bringing him his nummet to notice his strained stillness. They sat down together beneath the yew tree, the sheep about them, and she untied the scarlet handkerchief.

Zachary stared at the sight of his nummet.

Mother Sprigg was not a demonstrative woman but she could always express her feelings through the medium of food, and she had packed up a nummet fit for the gods. . . . A slice of pork pie. Apple paste. Saffron cake. Devonshire splits with clotted cream and damson jam inside. . . . Zachary knew that he must dispose of it all, though it choke him.

Luckily Stella and Hodge, sitting one on each side, were quite prepared to help.

"I've got something I must tell you, Stella," he said when the nummet was finished.

"Nice?" asked Stella, shaking the crumbs out of the scarlet handkerchief.

"No."

She looked at him, and suddenly her pointed, elfin face, with sweet mouth and

sombre eyes, had a very adult gravity. She was hardly a little girl, he thought. Not like other little girls. . . . She had some strange inheritance of wisdom that set her apart from other children of her age.

Because of the wisdom it did not seem difficult, once he had begun, to tell her who he was, what he had done, what he was going to do.

When he had finished, her silence, for a moment, was like balm. Then he began to grow a little scared, and looked at her. She looked like an old woman; or a changeling who had never at any time been a child. In panic he put his hand on her shoulder and shook it, exclaiming, "Stella!"

Please turn to page 26

modernising?

(or building?)



In our illustration, Primecote is being used for cupboards and walls. It has yet to receive its finishing coats of paint. Masonite Tempra Presdwood has been used for the working surfaces, and these will be finished with clear lacquer or waxed.



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HERE'S PRIMECOTE* IN THE MAKING

Masonite Primecote has been developed to save painting costs and time on the job. Actually, it is Masonite Standard Presdwood which is factory-treated with a specially prepared water paint base. (Illustrated at left is the method by which this ground coat is "scrubbed" deep into the Masonite board.) It only needs two finishing coats of paint—oil, lacquer or enamel—for a perfect, long-wearing finish.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 8, 1950

WOLF'S HEAD

By . . .
**BARRY
PEROWNE**

AMONG the summits rang a cry like a hunting horn's. Henry Bow, exchange professor of history at a French university, glanced from the window of the little three-car electric train.

Through the glass of the window he felt the sun's heat on his tanned, thin face, meditative and humorous. He was thirty-six, with wiry, dark hair, slightly receded from the temples, and long, gangling, grey-fannelled legs. A worn leather jacket was zipped open over his khaki shirt. On the seat beside him lay a disreputable tweed fishing hat and an old valise on which his one-time military rank, major, had been painted out.

Lighting his cigarette, he glanced through the flat-spreading smoke at his fellow passengers. The diminutive car was oven-hot, dense with garlic. The wrinkled, dark men in their blue cotton suits, the black-veiled women hugging packages from Palma in their laps, drowsed uneasily, with snorts of protest as the train jogged.

For the fiftieth time he took from his shirt pocket a letter that he knew already by heart. It was from Ned Marlyn, the best friend he'd had in the Army.

Long ago, in the summer of 1936, Ned, then a student at college, had spent a vacation in this Spanish island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean. He had fallen in love with a girl here, even younger than himself, called Sofia Robledo.

Henry glanced at the letter:

"Call it an idyll, call it a folly, call that summer anything you like, Henry. The fact remains that we were married and soon after I left, meaning to send for her. The civil war broke out in Spain and not until 1942, when I was in the Army myself, did I get word from Sofia and know that I had a son nearly six. Sebastian, she had called him—"

The train rocked, gathering speed as it gained the pass. The great, gleaming, streamlined hospital from which Ned had written this letter seemed to Henry as distant and improbable as another planet. Ned had been wounded in the last days of the war in Europe and had been in one hospital or another. For over a year now, Ned had been through with hospitals—and with life.

"There was nothing I could do except send what money I had through the consul. She swore they were all right, though it seems her brother, Rafael—I remember him as a reckless, handsome devil mixed up in the contraband-running, that's rife around Majorca—had threatened to kill me on sight."

The hunting-horn note echoed shrilly again

among the tumbled, sun-glittering boulders of the pass.

"Sebastian's my son. I'm worried about his education, his chance in life. One day I'll get out of this hospital, but the boy's already twelve. Would it be fair to him, to Sofia, to ask that they should come to me? Yet, what's the real situation there? What ought I to do? Henry, you're there in France, not far away. Take in Majorca on your next vacation. Go and see them for me, will you? Give me your advice. I can trust you."

The floor of the car tilted abruptly as the train began to clang downward in a series of precipitous, looping turns. Now, in place of the rocks of the pass, appeared the crumbling stone walls of terraced groves, olives, oranges, and pomegranates. He buttoned the letter thoughtfully into his shirt pocket.

The trees fell away. He glimpsed the small town of Soller below, with spires and flat roofs pricking the foam of verdure in the bowl of the valley. There was a hollow misgiving in him. His mission was delicate. He had undertaken it because the veteran in him was loyal to a dead comrade; but, as a professor of history, he knew the sensitivity and fiery pride of the Spaniard.

Twelve years was a long time.

The hunting-horn note clarified the triumph of arrival as the train jolted to a standstill in a little, white-walled, shaded station, gay with blossoms.

Short, swarthy soldiers in grey-green uniforms, with slung carbines, closed in purposefully on the long-legged stranger with the travel-worn appearance and slight, scholarly stoop. His ticket, valise, passport, and visa all came in for suspicious examination before he was thumbled grudgingly from the station.

The only person in sight was a man in a Cordoba hat. Leaning with crossed legs against the flank of a tasselled, fly-twitching mule, he was peeling a peach with his thumbnail. At Henry's question he looked up from this absorbing task.

"Sofia Robledo?" He stared darkly, intently a moment. "Senora Casal, senor. In the square down there—the house with blue shutters."

Trolley lines that looked little used threaded the dust down the slope. The small square at the foot of the street was garish with the striped awnings of market stalls, looked down on by tall, old, flat-fronted houses with wrought-iron balconies. And Henry saw at once the house with blue shutters.

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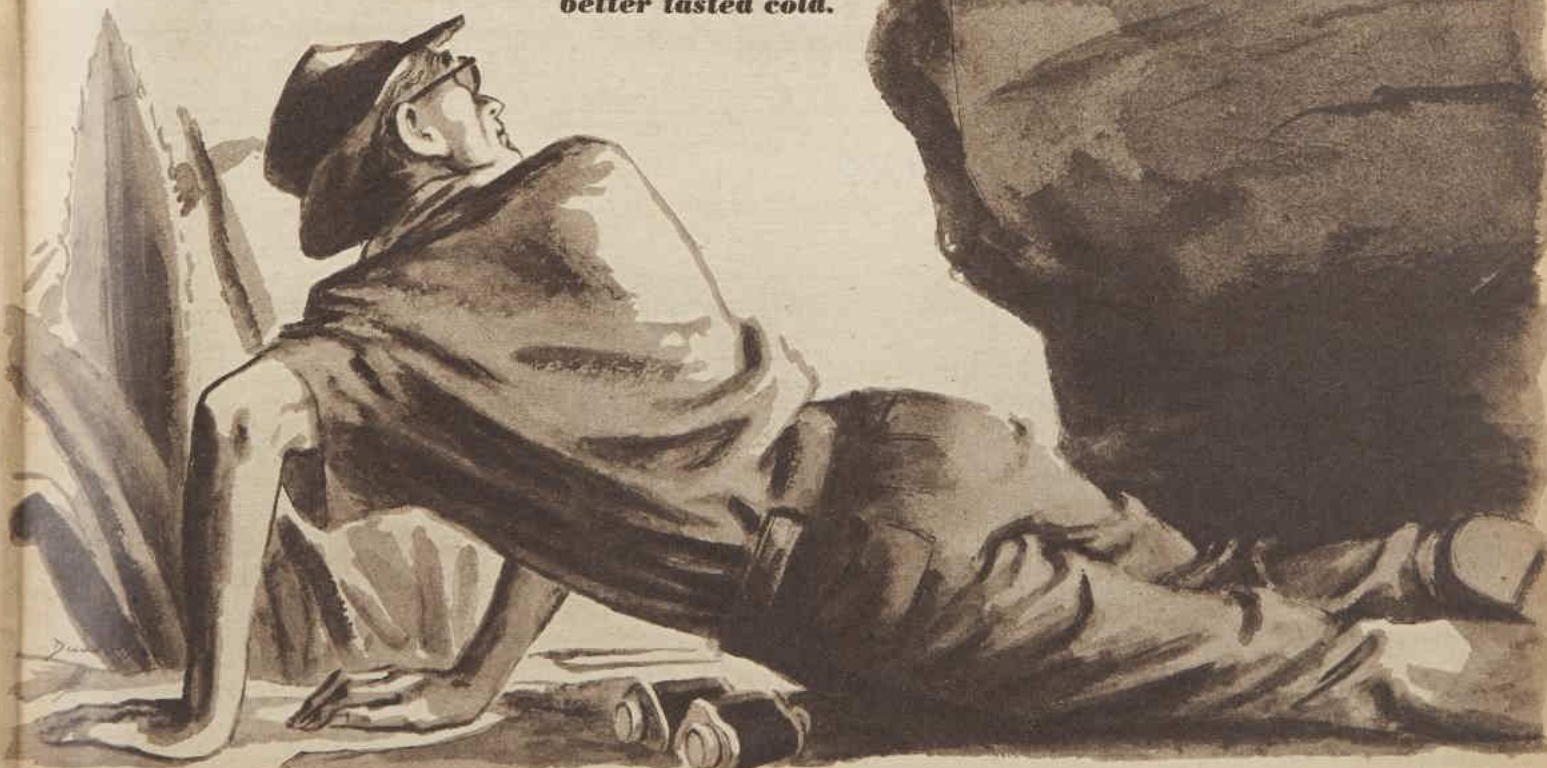


*Gigantic against the sky,
a man carrying a sling
stood staring at Henry.*

The Australian Women's
Weekly, July 8, 1950—Page 1

Relentlessly Robledo followed the old proverb:

**Revenge is a dish
better tasted cold.**



Give your home new richness, new warmth, new colour, with Goat's Head rugs and mats. In a complete range of colours to complement every furnishing scheme. Ask to see the "Skelwyn" rug, and look for the "Goat's Head" label.



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The PRACTICAL THING TO DO...

By FRANCES EMERSON

KAY was practical about such a variety of impractical things. The one really practical thing she meant to be practical about was getting married.

Once, when she was tired enough to weep, she'd explained the way she felt to Dr. Kent Savant. She was nursing one of his patients, and they'd dropped into the lunch room for a cup of coffee after an all-night vigil.

"I'm glad we saved 'em both."

She stirred too much cream into her coffee. Stirred and stirred. "It's a cute baby. Fat."

"And noisy." Savant grinned wryly.

"My father died six months before I was born, and my mother six minutes after."

Kent Savant was never trite and there was no other way of answering Kay's bald statement, so he kept silent.

"I decided to marry a millionaire when I was four years old so that my children would always have plenty of butter. I was so specific about the butter because I was standing with my face in the corner of the orphanage dining-room, being punished for the

crime of using two pats of the stuff for my bread."

She finally drank her coffee in one gulp, then laughed shortly.

"To-morrow we have East Lynn!"

The next day, meeting him and remembering, she had been embarrassed until he looked at her so vaguely it was plain that he remembered the face she was wearing but not the color of her thoughts.

Now, just when she had almost forgotten the incident herself, she must plunge right back into her discomfort, meeting his quizzical glance over an azalea plant.

To Dr. Kent Savant "a patient is a patient is a patient." For him such an attitude was practical since it kept him from ever getting involved with the wives, mothers, or widows of patients who had wanted to relieve him of his bachelor's estate.

Usually Kay felt the same way. But 215 was a most unusual patient. For one thing, when he wasn't being a number in a hospital corridor he was being Jason Carter Laughton, Third.

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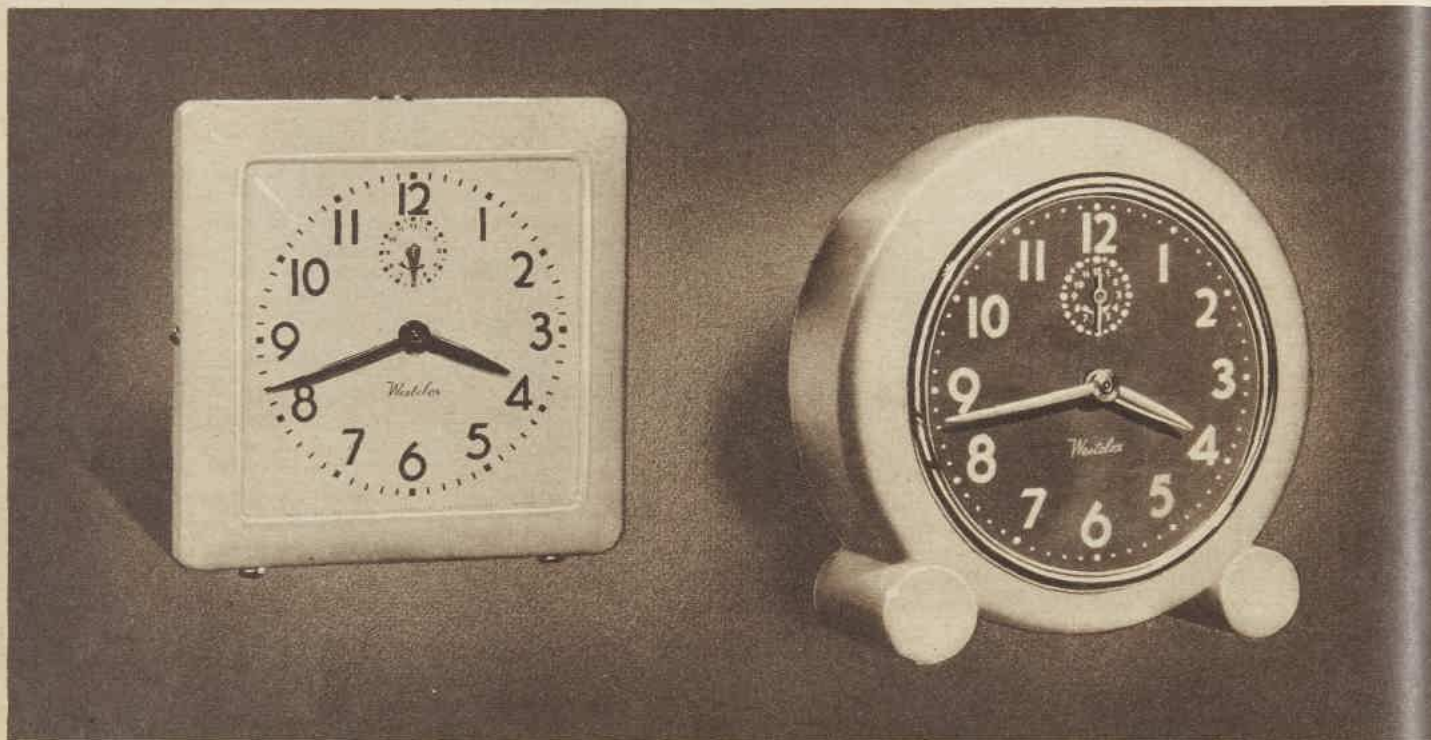
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John Mills



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● American designers are making separate skirts and tops popular for formal evening wear. The skirt of the blue velvet-striped faille, above, fits like a sheath to the knees then flares into a deep flounce. It gives a 1930 mermaid silhouette. Simple top is coarse white lace.

● Stark simplicity is the keynote of the skirt and top, at right, carried out in dramatic material and color. The skin-tight wrap-on skirt is of lush red velvet, and the top with its wrap-over back-closing is of pink satin.



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The Little Princesses

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

THE wedding was over. Margaret now branched out in a life of her own. She was now THE Princess at the palace, with more and more parties, and more and more friends, and less and less work.

I think at that time both the King and Queen were a little bewildered and worried. They did not know what to do about her.

She did not seem to be settling down at all.

Of course, the mornings were fully occupied with lessons, but afternoons were not organised, and Princess Margaret had much free time.

About this time, I had a serious talk with Queen Mary, who also felt that a campaign should be prepared to launch Margaret into doing some definite work.

All girls were working in those days, and it was to the palace that people looked for example in these things.

From time to time it was discussed, but nothing was done.

There was now no definite routine, with the result that when Margaret was not with me she moaned about her rooms, getting more and more depressed.

She was just one little girl alone in the palace, with no sister to go about with and nothing much to do, and no one of her own age to play with.

The Press, for the moment, no longer had Lilibet to gossip about, so they turned their attention to Margaret.

The camera followed her round. Her name was linked with half a dozen different young men.

If, being young, just at first it amused her and made her feel important, it soon became a nuisance.

"It is the penalty you have to pay for being a princess," I told her. "You must just grin and bear it. After all," I pointed out, "you can often get a good laugh out of it."

This was indeed the case, especially when a bold bid was made to forge a romance between her and the young King of Rumania, because they once went to the same theatre party and he lent her his programme. Margaret had found him exceptionally hard to talk to.

Margaret is no more frivolous or flirtatious than any other normal high-spirited and pretty girl of her age, who has been a little spoiled. She is a lot brighter than most.

Now and again the strain of living in a palace, the constant centre of all eyes, may make her lack that wisdom and discretion expected of those who live at court.

In every family there arrives from time to time the clever child who refuses to conform.

It is Princess Margaret's tragedy that the talents and individuality that would in any other walk of life be such an asset to her are a drawback in a palace, where brilliance and originality and super-abundant

vitality incline to be a nuisance, and where those who say what they think present a problem among others who are discreet to the point of never saying anything at all!

Beneath all her nonsense, Margaret is level-headed far beyond her years.

If at times she delights to shock the conventional people around her, she is not the first young person to do that.

She is learning, with the years, to control her sharp tongue, and that bright wit which in the past made worthy old gentlemen write, "Lilibet is a dear child, but Margaret always makes me uncomfortable."

She has a definite dress sense. She knows what suits her. When she returned from the African trip she amused everyone by saying that she would no longer wear her sister's cast-offs, tweed or evening.

It is a grief to her that she is so small, and she wears shoes and hats that give her an extra inch or so.

Her vitality is boundless, as those who wait upon her, and her escorts to many a dance, know to their cost.

Margaret's first lady-in-waiting was Jennifer Bevan. She was just Margaret's age, and from the start they had seemed to like each other.

To be a lady-in-waiting is a post much sought after, and I don't think anyone has ever refused it when it was offered to them.

It is a pleasant job, but often extremely tiring, and Royal employers vary immensely in their degrees of

LAST week's instalment of *The Little Princesses* gave a vivid description of Princess Elizabeth's wedding to the Duke of Edinburgh, the atmosphere at the Palace on the wedding morning, the family party that followed the ceremony, and the sad quiet that descended on the Palace when the bridal pair left on their honeymoon.

considerateness for those who wait upon them.

The pay is small—the small salary they receive is really a dress allowance and no more. The duties are those of a personal secretary. Private correspondence is attended to, shopping done, and the lady-in-waiting in attendance must accompany her princess wherever she goes. In Margaret's case this has meant, often enough, dancing all night long.

Late or early the night before, the lady-in-waiting must be in attendance at the palace next morning as usual.

There are letters to be attended to, and a dozen routine jobs that have to be done.

Often it is quite a business finding Margaret if she is otherwise engaged.

Margaret is more exacting to work for than Lilibet ever was.



AT CORONATION of Queen Juliana in Holland, Princess Margaret showed remarkable poise and dignity for one so young. At a reception with the new Queen (right) Margaret looked a jolly princess in white frock and white furs.



ON THEIR HONEYMOON at Broadlands Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh smiled amiably when photographers invaded their privacy during a walk in the grounds of the estate.



DANCES AND PARTIES kept restless Margaret out almost every night just after her sister's wedding, until the King and Queen insisted their younger daughter must have two early nights a week.

Lilibet has always had an orderly mind, and perhaps a firmer grasp of what other people's problems are.

She would pencil notes on her letters, saying yes or no, giving some line on how she wanted them answered. And her lady-in-waiting always knew where, in emergency, she could find her.

Margaret was all over the place. She had a wonderful time, but I was very worried about her. I spoke to the Queen quite openly.

"I can do nothing with her. She is tired out, and absolutely exhausted with all these late nights," I said.

The Queen replied, "We are only young once, Crawfie. We want her to have a good time. With Lilibet gone, it is lonely for her here." I had to agree the Queen was right.

This was natural enough, but the newspapers soon got hold of all this, and programmes were published showing that Margaret had been out seven nights in a week. This made a difficult situation.

People in England look to the Royal Family to set them an example, above all, in domestic issues, and I feel sure that in many a home this was dragged up to counter parental interference over night life: "But look what Princess Margaret is allowed to do!"

"The King and the Queen, I know, both felt that all this gaiety was not entirely desirable, but, as always, they could not bring themselves to cross her for some time.

Then an arrangement was come to, by which she spent one or two nights of every week quietly at home.

This was a wise decision, for Margaret was never very strong.

I spoke to her myself more than once on the subject, but it was difficult to get her to take me seriously. I tried, I remember, to make her realise her lady-in-waiting's point of view.

"Other girls have work to do," I

pointed out. "They can't stay late in bed. They have got to get up in the morning after a dance and catch a bus. They probably have to get their own breakfast."

And she said, "Crawfie, even if I wanted to cook my breakfast, I couldn't, because there's nothing here to cook on." She turns it all into a joke.

Lilibet wrote us all happy little letters, but the first part of the honeymoon, apart from the fact that at last they were together, wasn't any great success.

Once more, they had no privacy. They were pursued by cameras and ever-watchful eyes.

It was at the quiet little house, Birkhall, that their real honeymoon began. Birkhall had so many happy memories. The wide moors took them to their hearts.

The country folk, with traditional Scottish courtesy, left them alone.

It was nice to know that somebody's married life was beginning full of peace and sunshine.

The King's gift of a house

My own was not. George was living meantime in a hotel in South Kensington, for our little house was unlikely to be ready for occupation for some time, and even when the painters were out it needed all kinds of attention which I had not time to give.

The King had given me for my lifetime one of the grace and favor houses which are in His Majesty's personal gift.

This one was attached to Kensington Palace, looking over the Palace Green.

It is a small cottage, designed by Christopher Wren.

It looks as if it had got to London quite by mistake from some distant country place.

It is built of lovely seasoned red brick, with a tiled roof and roses round the door.

It has a little square garden behind a low white paling, where snapdragons, and lavender, and scented white Mrs. Simpkins border-carnations grow.

I have never before had a home of my own, and to me it seemed wonderful—like a dream at last come true.

I used to stand back to admire the name painted on the little white gate, Nottingham Cottage.

Queen Mary knew the place well, as she had been born in Kensington Palace, and in other days had often been to have tea in the cottage.

Sometimes a flock of sheep are put to graze in the field over the way, and at evening the lamplighter trudges round still lighting up the old-fashioned gas lamps.

The roar of the traffic in Kensington High Street sounds thin and far off, and in springtime the voices of the birds drown it altogether.

Margaret was almost as intrigued by my little house as I myself was.

She frequently came down there with me to help me plan and choose my color schemes, and made many a useful suggestion.

I could not help thinking, as she sang about the little rooms, what a wonderful housewife she herself would make, and how well she would run her own home, and how elegant and pretty she would make it look.

But I had my problems. Curtain materials and coverings for floors and furniture were not only in short supply, they were a truly terrible price.

These, together with various other matters, had to be shelved for the time being.

The King and Queen were often away, and unless I stayed it meant Margaret was all alone in one wing of the palace.

There was still no talk of my retiring, nor had I any hint of what my future was to be.

Please turn to page 23

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HEAD STOCKMAN Sollicker (Duncan Lamont) and the station nuisance Nosey, just back from a binge in Sydney where he has made a pal — the Pommy, whom he brings back with him.

Australian play "Pommy" successful in England

By **BILL STRUTTON**, of our London staff

A controversial play, "Pommy," which highlights the problems of Englishmen newly arrived in Australia, has had a successful tour of England, and is now awaiting a West End season.

"**POMMY**" was written by Australian playwright John Watson in collaboration with English writer W. P. (Bill) Lipscomb.

At its last performance in Birmingham the play had a magnificent reception, and this is always taken as a sign that a production will "take" in London and be a success.

Birmingham audiences, say critics and show people, are the most accurate guide to London theatrical taste.

The cast, including several well-known Australian players, are keeping their fingers crossed in the hope that there will be a suitable theatre available soon. Otherwise "Pommy" may have to wait until the autumn.

Differences in "Pommy's" character compared with those of his new countrymen, the conflicts that arise for this reason, and his final accept-

ance as one of them are the theme of the play.

The dialogue pulls no punches, but written as it is, by an Englishman and an Australian, it is balanced and fair.

Two film stars, Ronald Howard, son of the late Leslie Howard, and Patricia Wayne head the cast, with distinguished Irish actor Cyril Cusack, whose performance as "Nosey," a light-fingered, gossipy Irish-Australian, is the focus of the play.

Australian radio stars Bill Kerr and Edward Howell and stage stars Natalie Raine and Colin Croft are featured in the play.

Action takes place entirely in a West Queensland slab hut, with a view through the door of hazy distances and dried gums. It is the novel, strongly Australian flavor which has made it a box-office success in Britain rather than the quality of the situations, which are somewhat conventional.



THE POMMY (Ronald Howard), who arrives in a natty white suit, and has superior air, shares Nosey's rough reception. Here woman station owner Myra O'Neill (Patrica Wayne) renders first aid, but meeting ends in quarrel and Pommy joins manager in swindling Myra.



WHEN plot is discovered by Sollicker (left), he thrashes the manager, Larkin (Edward Howell), and Pommy. Larkin has kept sheep at secret waterhole while Myra's stock die.

EMBITTERED Pommy (above), Larkin, and aboriginal Jacky, who has told Larkin of waterhole which does not dry up. Pommy later tries to save station, then discovers love for Myra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 8, 1950

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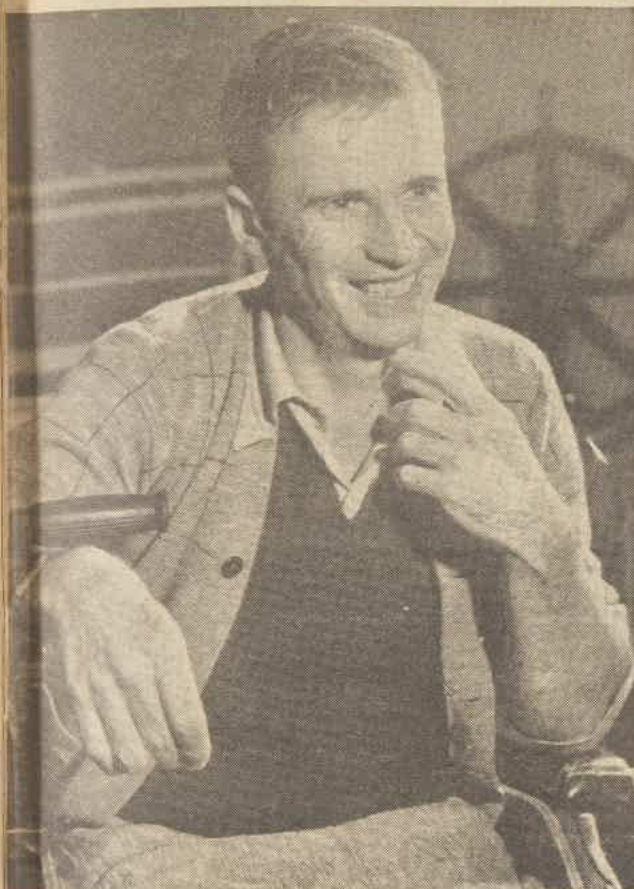
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Cars mean new life for disabled servicemen



NEW HOPE for a fuller life shines in eyes of paralysed ex-serviceman Bob Holmes, who may be given car under new Government scheme.

Recreation and independence for those able to drive

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A number of men who cannot walk and have tried to resign themselves to a frustrating existence in a wheel-chair and a hospital bed now see before them a wonderful new life.

All of these men are Australian ex-servicemen, whose war service, either directly or indirectly, cost them the use of their legs by double amputations or paralysis.

FEDERAL Cabinet has decided to give them sedan cars equipped with a hand-controlled device which completely eliminates footwork in driving.

There are in Australia over 90 double-amputee or paraplegic ex-servicemen. Some have already bought cars with their savings, aided by the Red Cross and the R.A.A.F. Memorial Benefit Fund.

Others, however, have been able only to dream of the difference a car would make to their lives.

One of the latter is 34-year-old Edmund "Bob" Holmes, a patient in the Repatriation Hospital, Concord, Sydney.

"I can't even begin to tell you what a car will mean to me," he told me.

Bob came through two years of the Middle East campaign unscathed. Back in Australia the truck in which he was travelling back to camp crashed, he was thrown out, and, as a result, lost his right thumb and portion of the middle and ring fingers.

He was discharged from the Army in September, 1942. With wife Lola and their three young children he was living in the N.S.W. town of

Orange and working as a sawmillier.

While loading a half-ton log on to a lorry, his injured hand slipped, the log fell, hit him on the shoulder and fractured his spine, causing paralysis.

The Repatriation Department was satisfied that his war injury caused the accident, and Bob should be one of those who will be given a car.

"I'll be able to get round pretty freely, get a job after my discharge from hospital in three months, and drive back for physiotherapy and other treatment," he said.

"At present, I can get out to where my wife and children are staying only in the week-end, when Jimmy Petty, another paraplegic, drives me in his specially fitted car."

A fellow paraplegic who has told Bob of the difference a car will make to his life is 26-year-old Bruce Thwaite, a handsome brown-eyed former R.A.A.F. bomb-aimer. His spine was fractured when he fell 40 yards from the tree in which his parachute had caught after he had bailed out of a burning Lancaster during a raid over Germany.

He is now a trained watch and clock repairer and works in a small room at the back of his home in North Strathfield, Sydney.

He has spent much of his time in



ENGINEER Bert Tait, inventor of the Tait Control, which enables car to be driven without using legs. Controls eliminate footwork in driving.

THE man who led the fight to get cars for paraplegic and legless ex-servicemen died without seeing his ambition achieved. He was Bert Schey, former secretary of the R.A.A.F. Welfare Fund, who died last September, shortly after he arranged the "legless march" on Canberra. Six paraplegics drove their cars from Sydney to Canberra, and demonstrated the safety of the Tait Control to Parliamentarians, in an effort to get the Government to give cars to men unable to buy them. Bert Schey, who was not disabled, served in the First World War.

hospital, but the car which he was aided in buying has given him "that longed-for independence."

"When you're helpless in hospital for years you get sick and tired of people having to do things for you," Bruce told me.

"The mental lift of being able to get round on your own is wonderful. I can decide myself where I want to go and not depend on other people to drive me."

"If you had known Bruce before he got the car you would realise what a wonderful difference it has made to him," his mother told me.

The device which enables legless and paralysed people to drive cars was invented by Bert Tait, a young engineer of Auburn, N.S.W.

It is a knob-like device mounted on the gear-lever knob. It has a press button for clutch control, is turned in one direction for acceleration and reversed for automatic clutch and brake control.

Former A.I.F.-er Tom Nosedá, of the Repatriation Anzac Hostel, Brighton, Victoria, asked by our Melbourne correspondent to describe his feelings when he found himself at the wheel of a car, exclaimed:

"Imagine being locked up in a pen, then one day a door opens to let you go anywhere—and you'll perhaps know the feeling!"

Chair-ridden since 1943, when an obscure "wog" attacked his spine, causing complete paralysis from the waist down, Tom began saying "Open Sesame" again to the world last year when a new Vauxhall he bought himself was equipped by the Repatriation Commission with the Tait Control.

This Control costs about £60 and remains the property of the Repatriation Commission. Ex-servicemen have the use of the Controls as long as they are unable to drive a car in the orthodox way.

The men who will benefit from the new Cabinet decision are scattered throughout Australia.

They have served Australia well and the cars will be some small return for the sacrifices they have made.



FORMER R.A.A.F. bomb-aimer Bruce Thwaite uses Tait Control in car he bought with savings and gift from Red Cross and R.A.A.F. Memorial Fund.



BRUCE is a watch and clock repairer, and one of few in Australia able to make new curved glass for watches. He was a clerk before the war.



WHEEL-CHAIR, weighing 36lb., folds and fits into back of Tom Nosedá's car. Chair and car give him independence.

UNIVERSITIES NEED MONEY

THE predicament of Sydney University, which is making a public appeal for £664,000, is shared by every university in Australia.

So grave is their position that the Federal Government appointed a committee to inquire into their deteriorating finances.

Many people believe that the university is so vital to national development, scientifically, culturally, and morally, that its finances are a matter "for the Government." Others, aware of large bequests in the past, may be diffident about offering the small sum they can afford.

Others — businessmen struggling with staff and equipment shortages, housewives whose days are crowded with domestic work, women trying to combine a career with home responsibilities — regard a university as a remote place of wondrous contemplative quiet.

But they should not need much convincing that the university is the core of hope for many aspects of better living.

A city without a university would be like a house without a hearth.

On the university's vigorous life depends much scientific development — from mechanical toys to new fabrics; from new labor-saving gadgets for the home to machines for industry; from increased nutrition value in food to new drugs that will defeat the most dread diseases.

And, most important of all, its moral and ethical influence can be a force for greater integrity in public life and industry.

ALEXANDRA: Model of wifely discretion

THREE things will always be associated with the name of Queen Alexandra, wife of Edward VII of England. They are the color mauve, a sad, almost flawless beauty, and her unflinching loyalty and support of her husband in the face of scandal.

Historians admit that Alexandra's discretion and loyalty were at times invaluable assets to Edward, whose man-about-town tastes and gregarious behaviour frequently gave rise to public criticism.

Had it not been for her outstanding beauty, the life of the gentle, swan-necked Danish princess might have been very different.

It was the promise, when she was 16, of this serene perfection of figure and feature that caused the Princess Royal to write to her mother, Queen Victoria, in glowing terms of the suitability of Princess Alexandra as the future wife of the dashing young Prince of Wales.

Three years before, Alexandra's name had been included in a list of seven Princesses eligible for the position sent by that inveterate matchmaker, King Leopold of Belgium, to Queen Victoria.

Although her family background was everything that could be desired, Alexandra's father, Prince Christian, of the German house of Schleswig-Holstein, was a poor man in everything but expectations and charm.

It appeared certain that the crown of Denmark must eventually pass to Christian, but until it did he and his family lived a frugal and retired life in the Yellow Palace at Copenhagen.

The two elder Princesses, Alexandra and Dagmar, shared a bedroom whose main furnishings were two narrow beds and a large table. The children there played with invariably worn frocks superior in style and material, though it was said that the others were never able to "put them on" with the air of their royal playmates.

Prince Christian in later years liked to claim that Alexandra's perfect carriage and graceful walk were due to the exercises through which he put the children each day before lunch.

A great deal of family manoeuvring went into the first formal meeting in Germany of Edward and Alexandra.

From the meeting the already worldly Prince of Wales came away enthralled by the girlish beauty of the modest Alexandra. For her part, she was dazzled. She had probably never met a man so sophisticated, urbane, and fascinating.

What might have been a marriage of State gave all indications of turning into a love match. Even so, Alexandra is reported to have been worried that she was "far too unimportant" and "not suitable."

Before the betrothal could be announced there remained the ordeal of inspection by the august English Queen. With royal discretion this was engineered to take place during

a visit by the widowed Victoria to the German birthplace of her beloved Prince Consort.

The simplicity and dignity of the 17-year-old Princess turned the ordeal of inspection by Victoria into a triumph.

After seeing Alexandra in the plain black dress which she wore as a mark of respect, Queen Victoria pressed into Alexandra's hand a piece of white heather signifying her approval.

However, she wanted "long talks" with Alex, and at her bidding the girl, who had seldom spent a night away from her own home, was forced to spend a short period as the guest of Queen Victoria at Osborne, for, as she told the Archbishop of Canterbury, "further inspection."

Victoria with motherly prudence had arranged for the Prince of Wales to be abroad during this visit. The house was in deep mourning, and its life unrelieved by the slightest

Queen Victoria had reason to be grateful to the bride of her pleasure-loving heir

concession to the youth of the Danish princess. On that grim visit Alexandra was not even given a glimpse of London.

Edward and Alexandra were married in 1863 and went at once to live in Marlborough House.

The young bride was quite unprepared for the gay life into which she was swept. She is reported to have said, "It is wonderful to be real Royalty at last, after being only one of the children at the Yellow Palace, with beautiful things to look at, but few to call our own."

During the ensuing years, until his accession in 1901, the cigar-smoking, racehorse-loving Prince set a pace that caused the world to wonder at Alexandra's continued discretion and loyalty.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA in 1889.

It has been said that while Queen Victoria made English Royalty respectable, it took Edward and Alex to make it smart.

Only her frequent intervals of childbearing gave Alex respite from the constant round of receptions, visits, and entertaining that were the breath of life to Edward.

By the time she was 27 and Edward 30, Alexandra had had six children (one of whom had died the day after he was born).

Her children gave her endless joy, and the sight of her driving with them in the park each afternoon was said to have been one of the most enchanting of London. As Queen Victoria continued to mourn her husband, it was left to the Prince and Princess of Wales to play a more and more prominent part in England's social life.

Edward purchased the country estate of Sandringham with money accumulated during his minority, and there liked to play the country gentleman, entertaining huge house-parties.

It was Alexandra's fate often to be hostess to the most fascinating women in Europe, for Edward habitually surrounded himself with those who were gay, witty, and, though usually married, by no means averse to expressions of the royal admiration.

The private unhappiness that Edward's incorrigible gallantries must have caused Alexandra were kept private. She treated her rivals as honored guests.

FAMOUS WOMEN

She was never anything but the charming hostess, correct, considerate of her guests' comfort, seemingly unconscious of the wagging tongue, and always the picture of beauty and fashion.

Her perfect simplicity of manner and unconscious dignity are said to have made some of Edward's guests appear vulgar and over-mannered by comparison.

Perhaps she drew strength from the love of the English people, who had taken the slender Danish Princess to their hearts from the moment they first saw her. In any trial she was assured of their support.

The most famous of the beauties with whose names that of the Prince Edward was associated was Lily Langtry.

But Alexandra, ever gracious and dignified, had to face not only the gossip of Edward's many attachments, but the ridicule of his few failures. When it became known that he had been rebuffed by the much-admired Mrs. Wheeler, who refused to drive with him when he called for her in his private brougham, all London savoured the joke.

In 1867 the Princess of Wales was attacked by a rheumatic condition of the knee that left her with a very slight — and, curiously, somewhat fascinating — limp.

Before many months had passed women of fashion and those who modelled themselves on them were all walking with what became known as the "Alexandra Limp."

Acute observers, however, were quick to see that Alexandra did all in her power not to become the "ailing wife." She made light of her affliction, continued to hunt (now riding in specially made saddles), and was still a graceful and elegant figure in the ballroom.

It was left to certain ambitious and sharp-eyed ladies to remark that the Princess of Wales now danced only with partners who were tall, so that the stiffness of one knee beneath her swaying skirts was screened by their stature.

In 1870 Alexandra faced the public humiliation of having her husband embroiled in a notorious society scandal. She bore it with a perfect dignity that is probably unsurpassed by any woman in the same position.

Continued on page 25

HOUSES BUILT OF MUD

AT Eltham, 16 miles from Melbourne, two men are building beautiful homes of mud and clay. The houses cost four-fifths as much as brick, take only weeks to build, and will last, so the builder says, at least 100 years.

One of the oldest houses of the same type has needed no repairs in the 10 years it has been standing. The two men who build them in different methods. One, using special apparatus, he designed, makes 18-inch-thick walls up to 10 feet wide with rammed earth. The other uses mud bricks he makes himself, and mud mortar.

They have achieved both ancient and modernistic effects with the clay walls. In some, stones are built with earth before it is rammed to give an Old English appearance. Others have curved walls and sloping contours.

The story of the mud house venture is told in A.M. for July now on sale. It is illustrated with pictures showing how the homes are built and what they look like when they are finished. Price of A.M. is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



PICTUREGRAM FROM LONDON. Spectators outside St. George's, Hanover Square, see Pamela Myer and the Hon. Simon Warrender happily hand in hand after their wedding.



CELEBRATION PARTY. Mrs. Evelyn Crossing with her daughter Jann at party given by Mrs. Crossing at Edgely Gardens when Jann announces her engagement to Colin Ryrie, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ryrie, of Point Piper. Jann's ring is sapphire and diamonds set in platinum.



ATTENDING HER FIRST BALLET PREMIERE. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Yates and their young daughter, Caroline, attend the first night of the National Theatre Ballet Company at the Empire Theatre.



ORION PASSENGERS. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Viney arrive in Sydney for one month, then intend to settle in Perth. In England they lived next door to the Duchess of Kent, who presented Mrs. Viney at Court.

Intimate Gossipings

"AN afternoon's outing for Australian women tourists" is comment of my London correspondent when she cables me about Pam Myer's wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the Honorable Simon Warrender.

Many spectators crowding the church entrance were Australians, who had read of the wedding in the London papers.

The beautiful flower arrangement in the church achieved the effect the bride desired. She wanted the altar and chancel to look like a garden, and they did. A few pink roses were blended with white stocks, orange blossom, hydrangeas, hollyhocks, and great gladioli.

Less than half an hour after the wedding florists whipped the flowers away for distribution to hospitals.

Flowers carried by the bride and bridesmaids in contrast to abundance of flowers in the church.

Bride carried Warrender antique prayer-book decorated with trail of tuberose. Her bridesmaids carried only four gardenias each.

PAM designed the bridesmaids' frocks for utility. They can remove the shawl collars, making strapless dance frocks. Their hats, also designed by the bride, followed Dior's egg-shell pattern in gold kid, asymmetrically trimmed with two white birds.



RECEPTION AT TOWN HALL. Ray Johnson (left), Valerie Tandy, and Audrey Jeana, members of the cast of "The Love Racket," which stars Arthur Askey at the Tivoli Theatre, attend a reception given by Lord Mayor (Alderman O'Dea) and Mrs. O'Dea.



AIR HOSTESS WEDS. Mr. and Mrs. James Carroll at Fitzpatrick Club after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Bride formerly Margaret McLachlan, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McLachlan, Roseville. Her husband, who is Qantas airline pilot, is only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Carroll, of Artarmon.



CHOOSING WEDDING GOWN STYLE. Audrey Ditchfield, who has announced her engagement to Jim Hughes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hughes, of Launceston, Tasmania, with her mother, Mrs. W. Ditchfield, of Rose Bay, formerly of Coonamble, at their Rose Bay home.



FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mrs. George Seaton (left) with Mrs. Gloria Miller and her daughter Sonia at the first night of "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls," which stars the Viennese actress Elisabeth Bergner.

SOME Australian guests were sensationally dressed. Three of the biggest hats—all black—were worn by Mrs. Ian Potts (Molyneux's model Judy Barracough), Beth Campbell, and Rada Shierlaw.

Judy's hat featured two feet brim. Rada's was weighted down with roses, worn with black dress. Relatives and friends of Pam's in Australia will see vivid account of wedding in color movie taken during the ceremony and reception.

NEWS from the Chalet. Winter season at Mount Kosciuszko away to a good start, and I hear that Chalet has quite an interstate flavor as guests arrive from New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland. After day out in the snow, everyone gathers round huge log fires wearing their brightest after-ski clothes. Two very gay wind-jackets—scarlet and vivid gold—are worn by ex-Fresham girls Ann Macpherson and Paula Denyer.

SNAPPY navy-and-white Fair Isle sweater is worn by Victorian Loris White, who bought it in Austria last year. She and Sheila Bean spent several weeks of their two years abroad together skiing in Austria and Switzerland. They are at the Chalet with fellow Melbourne University graduates Meg Eldridge and Carol Dean. Meg leaves in two months for England for a post-graduate course at the London School of Economics. Carol leaves for Europe and other snow-fields later in the year. She is a reserve in the Australian Women's Ski Team, and accompanied them to New Zealand last year for the inter-dominion championships.

THRILLED with overseas telephone call from her daughter Betty and son Ross is Mrs. T. A. Field, of Warrawee. Betty and Ross' itinerary sounds like a super Cook's tour of the "good old days." They have been in Rome and London, and are making Paris the next port of call before going to Geneva, Zurich, Nice, Cannes, Milan, and Genoa. Their plan is to return to Paris and London for a few weeks before leaving for Dublin on August 8 for the horse show. After being in Ireland for few days, they leave Shannon on August 13 for New York, where they will spend some time before returning home.

ROMANCE to the fore in the Payne family, of Waverley, Gundy. No sooner do I hear of their youngest daughter Helen's engagement to Scotch polo player Ken Archibald, of Glenagie, Gundy, than I learn by bush wireless that their son Jim and Judith Nickers announce engagement. Judith is elder daughter of the Rupert Vickers', who have just moved from "Stand-Bye," Uralla, to new home, "Gordonbush," Piallamore, near Tamworth.

BRIEFLY . . . On her way for grand twelve months' tour, Therese Tiernan, only daughter of the P. J. Tiernans, of Randwick, is enjoying shipboard life aboard the Napoli. Therese plans to visit Rome, Ireland, and the Continent. Newlyweds Shirley and Bill Walker take up residence at Woodley, the lovely old family home of the Walkers at Killara.

Anne

New, modern Tonic, for Women only,

acts quickly, amazingly, to

banish after effects of 'flu



Flu and heavy colds leave you feeling wretched, weak, run-down. Potter's Fematone acts like magic as a tonic; in less than no time it will have you on your feet again. It includes amongst its twenty-eight ingredients vitamins B₁ and B Complex—highly beneficial in restoring health.

Potter's Fematone is a wonder tonic, specially formulated by modern-day scientists with long experience of women's ills. In perfectly balanced form it combines some of the latest discoveries of medical science, will do you good whenever you feel in need of an extra lift.

Potter's Fematone builds up resistance, tones your nerve and circulatory systems, gives you a more cheerful, confident outlook, ready to tackle anything that comes along. It is as good for you in winter as in summer. Remember, Potter's Fematone is designed specially for women. Try it, see how much better you feel.



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WOMEN OF ALL AGES...
PER BOTTLE. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

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U.S. educationist says:

Love's young dream is on the way out

From J. B. DAVIES, of our New York office

"The old patterns of courtship are gone. The new ones are not working well. You young people are going to have to develop something better."

Consultant to the California Department of Education, Ralph G. Eckert, who made a survey debunking "love's young dream," issues this challenge to romantically inclined teenagers.

"SO You Think It's Love?" is the provocative title of the booklet he has published containing the results of his survey.

Some of Eckert's assertions: People don't "fall in love." There's no such thing as "love at first sight." Marriage is not a "state of perpetual bliss or delicious insanity." Married couples never "live happily ever after."

These heresies are designed to shock modern teenagers out of their "romantic coma." America's "steady rise in juvenile delinquency and startling increase in divorce" prompted the making of the survey.

The basic trouble nowadays is that young people are confused by the current "romantic pattern" of love and marriage, says Mr. Eckert. It is built up in popular songs, novels, and the movies.

A current song hit, for example, proclaims: "If you look into her eyes and your heart sighs, that's really love."

"Bunkum!" snorts Eckert.

Is there such a thing as "love at first sight"? Definitely not, says Eckert. He advocates taking at least a "second look"—and preferably repeated looks spread over many months.

The phrase "falling in love" particularly nettles Eckert. "Just as though you were going along and something tripped you up," he writes.

"Where did we get the idea, anyway, that people can 'fall' in love? Apparently it goes back to the days when people were apt to say 'love is blind.'"

"Actually, people do not 'fall' into love, they grow into love," says Eckert. "That first business is just infatuation."

The author suggests a three-way test to determine whether what you feel is "really love."

• The test of time. It takes time for love to grow. "If you get married on 'puppy love' you're apt to lead a dog's life."

• Be sure it isn't primarily physical attraction. "It is natural," cautions Eckert, "to feel strongly attracted to somebody with whom we have been physically affectionate, such as in dancing, necking, or petting."

• The test of companionship. What do you do when you're together? "If you enjoy all sorts of things together as friends, that is a good sign."

Grandmother's romantic belief that "when the right person comes along, you'll know it," is exploded by Eckert. This philosophy is confusing to girls especially, and leads them to believe that love must come suddenly and romantically to be "true" love.

Many girls felt they couldn't love the boy next door, or one they had gone to school with all their lives. "That is nonsense," says Eckert.

He cites a study made of hasty marriages (couples who had known each other only a few weeks) which showed that four out of five of them ended in divorce within the first year.

"It is easy to dramatise the impulse and the unpredictable,"

writes Eckert, "but in marriage these qualities are dynamic."

"We enjoy being married to someone we can depend upon, who is even-tempered, thoughtful, kind, considerate, helpful, friendly, honest, and affectionate. Unfortunately, these qualities are difficult to dramatise. Young people have almost come to think of them as old-fashioned."

The teenager's constant "conflict" with his parents is a real problem in modern life, says Eckert, and warns that this is at least half the fault of the youngsters. He advises them to bear in mind a comment made by Mark Twain:

"When I was seventeen, I thought my father was a fool, but when I was twenty-one I was amazed at how much the old fellow had learned in four years."

Parents are people, too, Eckert points out, and need affection just like anybody else.

Sex enters into love, Eckert admits, but he contends the physical aspects of attraction between the sexes are being seriously over-emphasised. Advertisers have discovered that there is nothing like the "frame of a dame" to get attention.

"As a result," writes Eckert, "lots of girls, trying to imitate the movie stars, have taken to sweaters and plunging necklines until boys are much more impressed by their sexuality than their femininity."

Modern dancing also comes in for its share of criticism by Eckert. "Sexual attraction has been emphasised increasingly in the way we dance."

The author is enthusiastic about the current revival of folk dancing, which he recommends as

Three-way test

"better exercise and a lot more fun than ordinary ballroom dancing."

Should a girl kiss a boy on their first date? Eckert thinks not, pointing out that a boy values a kiss in proportion as it is hard to get.

Remember there are kisses and kisses, Eckert warns. "If kisses are too long or too frequent they are apt to be dangerously stimulating—particularly to the boy. This often causes trouble."

"What often starts out as necking progresses to petting."

To the girl who purposely or weakly has pre-marital experience Eckert gives this warning: Every girl should know that it is unlikely that the boy will keep his conquest a secret. Few boys can resist the impulse to tell someone.

There are two schools of thought in the matter of sex relations before marriage, says Eckert. But one survey indicated that in nine out of ten cases the chances of a happy marriage are better if there had been no sex relations before marriage.

The most telling arguments against sexual relations during the engagement period are on the girl's side. "One of the factors urging the man into marriage is his sex drive," says Eckert.

"To the degree that he satisfies it outside marriage his urge is lessened. Just the opposite apparently happens to the girl. Because of the insecurity of the relationship, because of the ever-present danger of pregnancy, her drive towards marriage is intensified."

Warfield proud of family

Baritone's father went to night school with sons and set pace

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Two years ago a 30-year-old negro baritone used to practise Handel's Messiah in the dressing-room of a New York night-club before he went on to entertain patrons with popular songs.

He is William Warfield, who after his debut last year at New York Town Hall was hailed by musical critics as the most important baritone find of the decade.

HE is now touring Australia, and in a three-month season will sing in all States except Tasmania, giving 35 recitals and making 14 appearances with A.B.C. symphony orchestras.

Success has come to William Warfield early and his talents might lead him anywhere.

Yet he gives the impression of being able at any time to step back with complete naturalness into the busy, happy family life of the Baptist pastor's house in Rochester.

"Our family came from the South," Warfield said, "but we moved to New York when I was three, because in the north a negro can get a better education."

As a family—the eldest son Bill makes it quite clear that they're a close-knit, devoted unit—the Warfields all had an appreciation of the finer things of life, and a deep-rooted instinct to attain those things by study and hard work.

Nearly everything about William Warfield is in the classic tradition of the poor American boy who made good.

He sold newspapers, took jobs at night to help finance his way through college, is a Brooklyn "Dodgers" fan.

"We're a middle-class family," Warfield said, "but we had to do a lot of study to get there. When I was about twelve we all started improving ourselves."

"With father going to night school there was a lot of competition. He had to keep out in front, and we had to study hard to trail him. It was good for us all."

To-day William is a B.A. of Rochester University (Eastman School of Music) and an M.A. of Music Literature. His father (once a garbage collector) is the pastor of a Rochester Baptist church. One brother is a teacher of music, and director of music at another Baptist church; one is studying for the ministry, and another has just completed a commercial course.

"My youngest brother is still at high school, mad about acting and singing, and they say, exactly like I was at the same age," Warfield said.

"At home we all like to sing, and we have a lot of fun together," he said. "My parents look so young that no one would believe I am

their son. My father was only just twenty-one when I was born."

Warfield began to learn the piano when he was nine, but it was not until he was 16 that his teacher at junior high school realised that he had an exceptional voice.

She helped him to get a scholarship to the University of Rochester. During his course he took singing engagements at night so that he could help the family finances.

He has supported himself and contributed to the family exchequer since he was 17.

To be near the heart of the business and music world, Warfield



WILLIAM WARFIELD, baritone, who likes cooking Italian style as a hobby and is also keen on table tennis.

lives in a two and a half room apartment in a New York hotel. He is not clear on whether it's the kitchen or the bathroom that is the "half."

He hopes to get the very best out of life.

"I don't see myself doing any one thing in the future. I hope there'll be opera, concerts, radio, television, and straight dramatic parts on Broadway."

Warfield's white manager, Larney Goodkind ("like blarney, only without the B," Warfield says) is an Army friend.

After getting Warfield started on his Australian tour, Goodkind will return to the States to watch Warfield's interests.

Dore Schary, M.G.M.'s young, dynamic executive, has already made the first approaches.

Six feet tall and weighing 16 stone, Warfield has immense charm and humor. His speaking voice is rich and velvety, his laugh infectious. He doesn't smoke, and never drinks when he is working.

In the war he served as a linguist in military intelligence in Washington. He speaks French, Italian, and German.

On being discharged from the Army he went into a touring company of the musical "Call Me Mister." The flamboyant American night-club impresario Billy Rose had heard him sing during the war, and was responsible for getting him his first big break.

Film star Melvyn Douglas was "Mister's" producer. "It'll shock you to hear it," Warfield said, "but that man's shy. Shy and retiring."

Before making his debut he played the negro butler, Cal, in the Broadway production of "Regina," the musical version of "The Little Foxes."

Jane Pickens, of the famous close harmony team, the Pickens Sisters, in a complete break away from her old style, played Regina. The musical director was Maurice Abravanel, who some years ago was in Australia as conductor of opera and orchestral concerts.

"I'm interested in every form of music," he says. "That includes boogie and rebop. I had a Swiss coach at the University, and he seemed to think I was a lost character when he found me one day playing boogie in a practice room."

"Boogie-woogie's a lot of fun — after all, it's only another form of music, and I don't see any reason to miss it. I play a pretty good boogie myself."

Though essentially a serious artist — critics praise his impeccable musical taste, infallible sense of style, and deep musical culture — he lists among his wide range of friends such jazz musicians as Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, and Dizzy Gillespie, the creator of rebop.

"Gillespie isn't called Dizzy for nothing," he said. "He's dizzy, all right — like fifty million different people rolled into one. He's nice with it, even though he might go to your head."

Warfield has met Lena Horne only at a party, but agrees that her beauty is dazzling. Todd Duncan is a close friend. The two lunched together the day before Warfield left for Australia.

Bridge is a passion with Warfield. On the plane coming out he played solidly from Fiji to Sydney. As well they had a general sing-song.

"Now if anyone asks me what is the highest note I can take, I'm going to say 5000 feet," he said.

His other enthusiasms are cooking — Italian style — and table-tennis.

"The cooking all started when I made friends with an Italian-American in the Army. I liked the food at his place so much that I tried out some of the dishes when I was home on leave. Being the eldest of five, I'm pretty handy in the kitchen."

"Then he began bringing his family to our place to try my cooking. That kind of put the heat on — I just had to be good."

Asked if he were married, Warfield replied grinning: "Why? Do I look too healthy to be married?"

"Seriously," he added, "with college, the war, and picking up the threads after it, I just haven't had time to catch up with any nice girl."

His arrival at Kingsford Smith Aerodrome, Sydney, was heralded by a figure pushing its way through the waiting A.B.C. officials and calling, "Hi, Bill! Warfield, it's me!"

It was an Army friend who, reading of Warfield's arrival, had gone into the city, and then out to Mascot in the rain to greet him.

To whatever heights his magnificent black velvet voice will lead him, it seems almost certain that William Warfield will always remain the cheerful, modest, dutiful, eldest son of the Warfield pastor's house at 70 Herman Street, Rochester, N.Y.

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Each entry must include your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your entry form.

Send entries to "Pepsodent Jingle Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney. Contest closes midnight, July 21st, 1950.

Winners of radiograms will be announced on the Pepsodent programme, "King of Quiz," broadcast nationally on August 10th. All radio prizes in the daily press on August 14th; winners of Waterman pens will be advised by letter.

CLOSING DATE—MIDNIGHT, 21st JULY, 1950.

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SHIRTS**

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Pelaco

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

Double Dare

Continued from page 4

BELOW the hairpin turn on the highway, Lord and Lady Lodge spread its elegance across the wide white slope. A circling drive came to meet the highway. Parked along this drive, from entrance gate to the lodge's handsome portico, were cars. Gorgeous cars, every one, nose to tail, with ski-tracks on their streamlined roofs.

"Stop! Squint, I . . . Stop here!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing; only . . . stop. I mean, let me off here at the gate. Please, Squint, I . . ."

Teddy as usual when she couldn't tell the truth could find no other right words. She was a rotten liar. Hopelessly dumb. But her tone had made Squint brake the truck, and Teddy, with frantic twists and kicks, got the cab door open.

She had to get out. She just couldn't bear to go rattling and bumping in among those smooty cars, up to that floodlit entrance, to face Livvy's mocking grin and Fenn Petersen's bland eyebrows.

Squint's face was sober, considering, even thoughtful.

"You know," he said slowly, "this jumping out all of a sudden upsets my calculations. I figured on more conversation and getting acquainted maybe. But I guess I knew right from the start what had to happen." He leaned down and kissed Teddy squarely on her open mouth. "That's it."

"Uh-oh!" gasped Teddy.

"Sorry if things got rushed a little in the hurry. I'll be going on down now. But I can't promise to stay away."

The truck gave a forward leap that slammed the long-suffering cab door. Squint's tail-light, white instead of the legal red, danced away down the road and whisked from sight below the brow of the next steep drop. Teddy took her icy mitten away from her mouth, crossed the highway, and, stumbling absent-mindedly, moved up the lodge drive in the winter dusk. Squint had caught her out. Squint had understood that she didn't want to drive up to the lodge front door in his old pick-up truck.

Teddy stuck her skin upright in the snowpile by the steps. There was no one watching for her. She pushed open the front door. Four-foot logs glowed red in the enormous fireplace of the lounge. Skiers sprawled on couches or gripped around low cocktail tables.

From beside a little table near the hearth, Fenn Petersen rose hastily out of a deep chair. "Say, Teddy, how . . . I was just starting back to . . ."

But Teddy was staring at Fenn. To Teddy's complete surprise she was suddenly angry—at herself instead of at him. This big pink-and-white hunk . . .

This famous Fenn Petersen, sportsman, with the Greek-god profile and the bland, smug smile. Smug, not assured. He wasn't really sure of himself. His eyes, watching Teddy now, were not easy. He knew he'd been mean and rude.

And just to save face with this hunk, Teddy had been rude and unkind herself—to Squint. Squint was twice the man Fenn was.

"Don't tell me you walked from the lift?" Livvy was drawing. "Or did you meet some fascinating man?"

"That's right." Teddy's interruption was loud and distinct. "Then he drove me down. In his truck. And when he let me out he kissed me. Hard!"

People at nearby tables glanced up. Fenn looked startled, doubtful, not quite sure whether he was supposed to laugh. Surprise at Teddy's tone caught Olivia unawares. For an instant Livvy stared curiously, warily.

Then she recovered. "Ho-hum. Sounds perfectly thrilling." She yawned and boosted herself from her low chair. "Well, the Sayres should have made it hours ago, and Professor Douglas will be here any minute, and, personally, I want to see if I can find a new face in my suitcase. Coming, Teddy?"

The suitcases were already in the little bunkroom. Teddy was silent as they unpacked. Olivia looked at her a little uncomfortably.

"What's all this about a man with a truck? Some local character?" drawled Olivia.

There it was. Exactly the crack Teddy had expected. Only now it didn't make Teddy wince.

"Very local," nodded Teddy. "The truck, Squint said, had years of experience on back roads. Bumpy back roads."

"Well, it wasn't the truck that kissed you, was it? Who—where did you—"

"I met him on the mountain. Local characters can ski, too, you know. Better than some of the city snow-bunnies." Teddy looked pointedly at her sister.

"We came down the trail together and he drove me here, and I didn't expect him to kiss me, but I'm certainly glad he did. And I think he's coming to do it again, and I hope he does, because he really is a fascinating man and . . ."

Teddy paused. Not only for breath. Teddy knew every expression of Olivia's eyes. Olivia, incredibly, was impressed. Or at least Olivia felt the stirring of curiosity to see this really fascinating man who had kissed Teddy. Teddy well knew the predatory gleam that flickered now into Livvy's eyes. Livvy's ah-a-new-man look.

"When did you say Professor Douglas would be here?" asked Teddy abruptly.

"Huh? Oh." Livvy glanced at her wrist watch. "Oh, gosh! He's probably here right now. Throw me that towel Teddy. The one there. Quick!"

The Sayres, Midge and Ralph, arrived as Livvy and Teddy returned to the lounge. Professor Douglas had not appeared and Fenn Petersen hovered over Livvy. Teddy didn't care. She had no interest in Fenn.

Perhaps partly for this reason, Olivia, too, seemed to have lost interest in him. Livvy's glance kept going towards the big main-entrance door. She was watching for her professor of course. But Teddy felt nervous. Livvy was curious about Teddy's local character. Livvy's curiosity was dangerous. Squint had said he didn't promise to stay away. Somehow Teddy was sure that he would come back to-night.

Squint was wonderful. It didn't make sense, but he was. He was different from other men. And Livvy was no fool. Livvy would see it. If Livvy began sending her slant glances at Squint, Teddy would claw her eyes out. Only, of course, Teddy wouldn't. And, of course, Squint would think Livvy was wonderful.

Please turn to page 24

Luxury embroidered and scalloped

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Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, hemstitched and scalloped or plain; Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style. All are made from finest quality, linen-finish sheetings.



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If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit—and establish your natural powers of regularity. 82% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day; drink eight glasses of water; eat a definite time for regularity.

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Stay as sweet as you are with

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The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

THERE were many new duties, now, for the little Princess who was left.

From the time of Lilibet's marriage, a new life began for Margaret also. She entered into it with her usual enthusiasm, and enjoyed every moment of it, but it was a strain on her.

She was so very young still, and though not at all shy she always suffered from nerves when she had to do things by herself.

"I get a sick feeling in my tummy," she told me. "Just as I used to before our pantomimes began."

She overcame it, and never let anyone know, and when in the public eye always appears a very calm and poised young person. Only those of us who know her well realise what she really feels.

I remember her coming to me one day, elated: "What do you think, Crawfie? I am going to represent papa and mamma at Johanna's coronation!"

It was her first big undertaking, and probably I was not the only person in the palace who felt a little apprehensive for her.

We had great fun getting her clothes together, and on that occasion I played the governess' part thoroughly and gave her a lot of good advice.

She asked George and me to meet her at the airport when she came back. The Duke of Beaufort, who, with a lady-in-waiting, had accompanied her, was full of enthusiasm.

"You may well be proud of Her Royal Highness," he said. "I have never seen anyone carry off a situation with more dignity and charm. There was not one difficult moment."

All the way back in the car, we gossiped together. Margaret was enchanted with Holland, and the friendly people who had given her such a wonderful welcome.

I told her then that we all felt very proud of her. She gave me that mischievous side glance of hers, full laughter, half solemn.

"Well, I have to behave myself now, Crawfie, don't I? There is no Lilibet around to keep me in my place with a sisterly poke."

Around ten o'clock one night, Lilibet appeared at the palace on her way north from Broadlands for the second part of her honeymoon.

She came rushing along to my



AT WEDDING of Lady Margaret Egerton, lady-in-waiting to Princess Elizabeth, and Mr. John Colville, the Princess' private secretary, Princess Margaret (centre) was one of the bridesmaids.

room and said, "Oh, Crawfie, can you find me a dog lead? I have a new puppy!"

The King and Queen and Margaret were at Sandringham. "My horrid sister has taken all the leads out of the palace," Lilibet said.

I said I would go to the Queen's rooms and get one of the pages to look in the cupboard, but there wasn't a dog lead of any kind, not even a bit of string.

I rushed back to her and said, "You'll just have to take the belt off my coat and take your dog to the station on the belt, because I can't find a lead or even a bit of string."

In the end, the footman found a very old chewed lead and collar

in somebody's drawer, and put it on the new puppy.

Lilibet seemed very happy indeed that night.

She was wearing her new beaver coat which had been sent from Canada. It was quite lovely and very long.

Her whole atmosphere had changed. Even the way she did her hair was different.

She seemed to me really like somebody's wife. Lilibet has real affection for dogs. She loves them, and makes friends of them.

They have now taken the place of the thirty horses which once stood round the dome.

She is very punctilious about having the dogs taken out; they must be taken for a walk in the morning and also in the afternoon.

She used to ring me occasionally and say, "Crawfie, are you doing anything?" And I would say, "Oh, all right, I'll take the dogs out."

She didn't like to leave them to the footmen in case they only took them to the nearest door and brought them in again.

The Queen is also very fond of dogs, and one of the Corgis is so devoted to her that it won't go to anybody else.

To be continued



AT BARNARDO'S HOME Nursery College, Princess Margaret talks to three-year-old Ronnie Smith. She paid an official visit to the college shortly after becoming president.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 8, 1950

Famous RADIO STAR AND AUCTIONEER

JACK DAVEY

says: "Horlicks takes the Jack Pot for flavour and nourishment!"



"What am I offered?"

When Jack Davey steps onto his auctioneering rostrum at eleven in the morning he doesn't come down again until four in the afternoon! And that happens every Thursday and Friday at "Hi Ho House", Sydney. In that time he will sell anything from a fork to a fox fur—nonstop! "Yes," says Jack, "I've got to keep going flat out for five solid hours—that's why I always have a glass of Horlicks before I start."

Radio Star, auctioneer, newspaper columnist, song writer . . . where does he get all that bubbling energy? Listen to Jack Davey himself: "I've been a Horlicks regular for many years. Horlicks has always kept me going at the top of my form."

Just like Jack Davey you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Jack, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.



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8-oz. 2/2 16-oz. 3/6
TIN TIN
Prices slightly higher in country areas.

£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 1. Try your skill on the missing line.

NO. 1 THE KITCHEN SMILES, THE BATHROOM SINGS,
OLD "GLOOM" AND "GRIME" TAKE SUDDEN WINGS,
WHEN "DULUX" COLOURS, BRIGHT AND GAY,
(Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.
The award for this jingle will be announced over 5D Radio Stations in "Jack Davey Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than July 19, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.
Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by July 19.

Double Dare

Continued from page 22

THE lounge clock showed ten to seven. Olivia's watch on the main door grew sharper.

Under cover of the noisy talk, Teddy slipped down the hall towards the bunkrooms. She grabbed up her heavy coat and went still farther back along the hall to where a small service door let her out into the cold night.

It was bitter cold and windless. Teddy stood huddled against the log wall, her nose buried into her coat collar. She wasn't shivering, but this was the dangerous cold, the still cold that bit ears and froze cheeks without your knowing. And it was crazy to stand here, alone in the dark, waiting for someone who wasn't coming.

But Teddy knew he was coming. And she knew it was Squint when headlights swung up the drive. It was a small coupe, not the old pickup. The coupe came right on through the light portico, passed Teddy and rolled to a stop beside a large NO PARKING sign in the service area.

He heard her coming, the squeak of dry, packed, frozen snow under her feet. "Well, hello," he said. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Yep," said Teddy. "Huh? What? That is, how..." He leaned down to peer into her face. But Teddy of course wasn't joking. "You don't really mean you were standing there..."

Abruptly Teddy realised he would think she had come to be kissed in the dark. "No! I mean, yes, I was waiting. To stop you. Squint, let's don't go in there. I haven't had any supper yet. Can't we go to some diner or something down in the village and have coffee and doughnuts and..."

Teddy trailed off. There wasn't much light, but she could see that Squint's grin had faded.

"You know," he spoke slowly, "there's something funny—I mean something odd about your being a snob. It doesn't fit with the rest of you."

"Snob?" "Maybe that's a mean word. There are plenty of people who'd be ashamed to be seen in that poor,

but honest, rattletrap this afternoon, and ashamed to have me come..."

"Oh, no! That was this afternoon. That's not the trouble now," Teddy gulped. This was going to be bad. It was going to be awful. But she was too dumb to say it any way except just say it. "I was ashamed of myself for getting out of your truck, so I told them all about it and about you. And then..."

This was what she was going to say if it killed her. "Then Livvy got interested in you. I guess I must have made you sound pretty fascinating, because I saw Livvy get that look. The look she gets. Squint, I don't want you to meet Livvy. Usually I don't really mind if she—that is, usually it doesn't make much difference," Teddy waved her hands feebly.

There was a horrible silence. Then Squint took hold of her. "You," said Squint, "are a darling." Then he did it.

Teddy, being kissed, could blush at last unseen.

"And now, come on into the lodge before you freeze."

"Oh, Squint! Didn't you hear what I said? Don't tell me I've been too subtle. Listen, mister, Livvy will smile at you, and you..."

"But she won't. I'm quite safe from your sister Olivia. You're shivering. Come along. If I couldn't resist your sister's shenanigans you wouldn't be interested in me anyway."

Teddy kicked a powdery fluff of the dry snow. She sighed.

"Yep," said Teddy. "Yes, I would."

"Oh gosh!" Squint's eyes crinkled to mere slits.

Their actual entrance into the lounge was a little confused in Teddy's mind, and her observations a little slow, because just as they came through the door Teddy realised she didn't know Squint's proper name, and it was going to look very silly when she couldn't introduce him.

"Hello, Olivia," said Squint, which was odd even for Squint.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Vine temple a rat (anagram, 8, 5).
2. The sun on a famous Greek legislator (5).
3. Alienated I back about a military man (7).
4. Display temper by brown tea and spirit (7).
5. In opposition to a Turkish officer in a holy man (7).
6. Give off in a college fellow when giving instruction to a chauffeur to proceed (5, 2).
7. A bomber who is sick concerning back about a fishing net (7).
8. It could add up to a dram of liquor (3).
9. Thrills something in mixed storm (7).
10. Corrected but it sounds that the end of the prayer is decreased (7).
11. This a sun god and five in domestic animals (7).
12. Parts of slide comes to (7).
13. Stanno starting with a devil and ending in a mixed metal (7).
14. Encounters possibly bounds and men for hunt (3).
15. Cheap Scottish said spent in a circumstance contributing to the material prosperity of a country (8, 6).

Solution to last week's crossword.

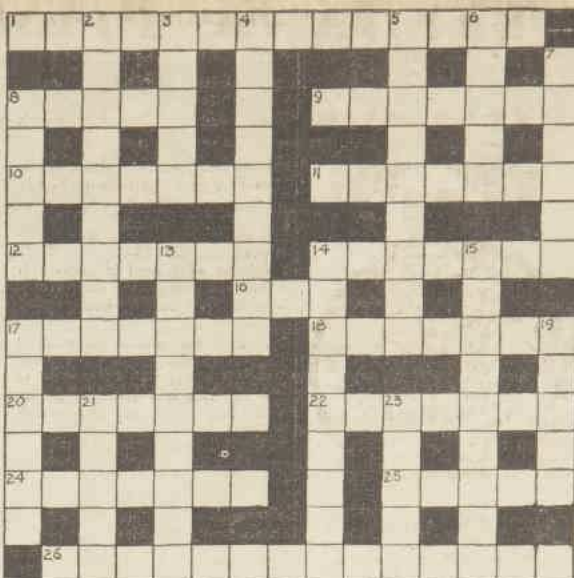
NOTTDCAREARAP
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LEMLOLA
IMBUEPRESUMEI
GRVAVNEN
HEARERSADEPOT
TENTSTEEY
GENTLEREADERS

But Madge Sayres, gay with Martinis, cried, "Well, is this Professor Douglas? Where have you been? We're way ahead of you!"

"No," said Teddy. "This is—Squint. I told you about him. He..."

Even if Teddy had known what she was going to say, Livvy's look at her would have stopped it. Teddy looked blank for a second, and then faced around to Squint. "But you can't be Professor Douglas! You said—I mean I thought you lived..." Teddy waved a hand.

"Down there in the village. On the family's farm. I do when I can."



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Invent ale (anagram, 8).
3. Human being of English feudal territorial unit (4).
4. A saint looks back on back of human beings for things needed (9).
5. Fond of chatter (9).
6. Descendant of little company divided in evil (5).
7. The King at about back a kitchen utensil (6).
8. Grained by mixed tenderness (5).
9. Wolfman surrounded by to French is

10. the calling a cause from lower to higher court (9).
11. Perilous to the study of numerical facts where a boy man is at rest before convulsive twittings (9).
12. Legal deposit of money provide with shelter human beings before tea (9).
13. Eat heartily when the child asks his mother to cover him (4, 2).
14. Pieces of furniture (5).
15. Venetian serpent I see in this savoury meat jelly (5).
16. Summer resort in the Punjab (5).

"Well, now, darling!" Livvy's laugh was silvery. Or maybe chromium. "Don't take things too momentarily. After all, Professor Douglas was just being..."

"I didn't mean to do it, but..." Teddy's interruption came firm, direct, and with a slow grin... "but I do know now, and it's true. I—I'd do it anyway."

"Oh, golly!" murmured Squint. "You never miss. I'm a shy man, but I've got to hug you." Then, with one arm around Teddy, Squint said, "Shall we go on into the dining-room? I told Charlie steaks for seven o'clock, and I'm afraid I've been delaying everybody."

"Heavens, yes, let's eat." Olivia swung around to reach Fenn Petersen's arm. "Because Fenn and I want to slip down to see a movie in the village."

"Gee! Well! Will you, Livvy?" Fenn beamed.

Livvy was beaten. Livvy was running away. It made Teddy wince, because she knew how Livvy hated to be beaten, and Teddy didn't want to beat Olivia. But Squint wasn't a game. Squint, with his arm still close around her, was real. He was Teddy's. Livvy couldn't have Squint.

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Only KOLYNOS Fights—Tooth Decay these 3 ways...

1 Mouth Acids ELIMINATED

Mouth acids causing tooth decay are immediately neutralized as amazingly effective anti-acid ingredients in Kolynos contact them. Same ingredients dissolve mucin plaque of film which you feel on your teeth before brushing them with Kolynos. Mucin plaque protects bacteria—lets them multiply.

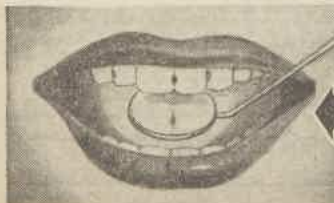
2 Anti-Bacterial Action KILLS GERMS

Common bacteria, lactobacillus acidophilus odontolyticus produce tooth-decaying acid. Only Kolynos has certain germicidal ingredients deadly to these bacteria. Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove up to 92% of bacteria in mouth are destroyed by Kolynos. This lasts for hours!

3 Penetrating FOAM CLEANS

Mouth-refreshing foam cleans out food particles missed by brush—applies Kolynos polish to tooth surfaces to delay re-formation of the mucin plaque. Same foam also carries Kolynos anti-acid and anti-bacterial ingredients direct to danger spots—actually cutting down main cause of tooth decay!

Beautiful, healthy teeth—characteristic of every Kolynos fan!



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Look at an unsightly mouth... a painful, unhealthy result of tooth decay which might have been prevented by professional dental care and the use of Kolynos, the scientific dental cream, after every meal.



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A generous application will keep your hands "evening soft" all day long. Housework, dishwashing, surfing all cause your hands to lose the natural oils that keep the skin soft, smooth and supple. They crack, become red, chapped, sore and lose their beauty. Replacement help is right at your finger tips when you use Herco, the all-purpose lotion, so very rich in Lanolin—the oil that is most like your own skin oil—and Olive Oil, acknowledged as the finest skin softener. You will feel the softening results every time you use satin-smooth Herco, and you will see your hands look fresher, smoother, younger.



New Treatment for FIBROSITIS

(Rheumatic type pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs and joints.)

If you suffer from aching, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs due to fibrositis, you should take formalin at once. It is a recently developed formula and is now available in Australia at all Chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 2 ways: 1. It starts relieving pain in 30 to 60 minutes. 2. It removes even irritating acids and poisons which deplete your muscles. 3. It kills certain areas which infect muscles and joints. Because of the three-way action formalin gives quick and lasting results. Try it under the guarantee that it must satisfy completely or your money back in return of empty flask. Get formalin from your chemist to-day.

ALEXANDRA . . .

Continued from page 18

• BOOKS about Queen Alexandra include "The Private Life of Queen Alexandra," by H. R. Madox, and "Queen Alexandra," by Sir George Arthur. "Edward VII," by H. E. Wortham, supplies a vivid picture of her husband and society in Edwardian times.

THE plaintiff in a suit for divorce was Sir Charles Mordaunt. He did not cite the Prince of Wales. But the Prince's name was freely circulated as having been among those mentioned by Lady Mordaunt in her confession to Sir Charles.

A number of letters written by Edward to the 23-year-old Lady Mordaunt were read in court. It is not surprising that Alexandra's expression of sadness had become habitual.

Victoria had always disapproved of Alex's family, and, in her usual forthright way, took no pains to hide it. She was inflexible in her determination that her daughter-in-law should secure no political favors for her connections.

But when it came to Alex herself, Victoria was as one with the whole of the nation in holding her in esteem. She, who was never given to light displays of affection, called Alex "a sweet darling creature," and wrote in her diary in 1898:

"Found all the family assembled at Marlborough House, Alex looking lovely in grey and white and more like a bride just married than a silver one of twenty-five years."

The truth of the matter was that Victoria owed the Danish Princess a debt she could never repay. Each time Edward caused criticism and Alexandra stood so staunchly behind him, the ageing Queen must have blessed the intuition that caused her so many years ago to approve the dignified girl in black as her heir's bride.

Alexandra's was an ageless beauty. When the children were grown up, the wife of a diplomat wrote from Vienna of the Princess and her three daughters: "She looked so young and they dressed so much alike that at a little afternoon dance at the Queen of Hanover's, the unsophisticated Austrian officers, who had been invited from a neighboring town, were always asking the mother to dance, imagining she was one of the daughters."

In all circumstances perfectly loyal to England, Alexandra's sympathies must often have been strained as her family became more and more enmeshed in European politics.

Soon after her marriage her father succeeded to the throne of Denmark; her brother William became George I of Greece, and her sister Dagnac married the heir to the throne of Russia, later Alexander III.

Although many men must have fallen in love from afar with England's beautiful, sad-eyed Princess of Wales, gossip never linked her name with that of any particular figure.

Certainly she was greatly admired, and Lord, afterwards Viscount, Esher wrote of her: "She says more original things and has more unexpected ideas than any member of the family."

In 1891 the ageing Prince of Wales again was involved in a sensational court case. This time it was the Tranby Croft bacarat case. He had been the battler on the occasion when one of the players, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, was accused of cheating.

Gordon-Cumming eventually brought a suit for slander against the family of his host, Mr. A. Wilson, a Hull shipowner. The verdict was for the Wilsons. The Prince was attacked from all sides, including "The Times."

The case was avidly followed by the Marlborough House set and by the whole of England. Princess Alexandra, as ever, remained outwardly unruffled, exquisite, and gentle.

No two women could be less alike than Victoria and Alexandra, yet their mutual trust and understanding were such that when Victoria died in 1901 Alexandra was able to speak of her "invariable kindness," and mourn her loss as that of a second mother.

Alexandra was 57 when she was crowned Queen of England. She had been Princess of Wales for 39 years.

Scrupulously careful always to accord her every honor demanded by convention, Edward the King lost no time in publicly acknowledging his esteem and gratitude to Alexandra. He did everything he could to raise her status to as near that of a sovereign as possible.

On his recommendation her annual income was increased to £50,000, and her personal staff expanded. He revived the custom instituted by Charles I of investing his consort with the Supreme Order of Chivalry.

He insisted that she should have the full benefit of the King's Guard even when he was not in residence, and that the "travelling escort" should be the same for her as for himself. Her wishes were always to be consulted before any Court arrangement was made.

The sight of Alexandra standing beside the King at the opening of Parliament was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

She was a vision of what appeared to be still youthful beauty, all in black, with a Mary Stuart coil ropes of pearls falling to her knees, and the gorgeous blue Supreme Order of Chivalry across her shoulder.

Members of Parliament so much forgot themselves as to push and jostle until they were called to order. In her essential simplicity Alexandra appeared to be completely unconscious of the admiration she caused.

Though forgiving and gentle, Alexandra by no means possessed a weak will, and could be gay and playful.

She had defied her august mother-in-law over the naming of her first child, and she upset Court dignitaries by saying, "I shall wear exactly what I like" to the coronation. She added, "When Princess of Wales I was never allowed to do what I liked."

Even the duties of kingship could not altogether after Edward's affable, amusement-loving character, with its fondness for sport, cards, champagne, and rakish friends.

Right to the end Alexandra found herself playing the only too familiar role of sharing her susceptible, popular husband with another woman. The last time he left Buckingham Palace was to dine alone with his long-time friend, Mrs. Keppel.

During the next 16 years of widowed retirement Alexandra lived the quiet domesticated life that had so long been denied her.

She remained loyal and loving to her friends, indulged her love of music and the opera, never spared herself in helping to alleviate the sufferings of others, and turned more and more to her rose garden.

After her death in 1925, Rose Day, for the benefit of the sick and needy, became a fixture in the English calendar.



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Stella

Stella seemed to find it difficult to look at Zachary, yet when she did speak it was childishly enough.

"Zachary, I wanted you to be here for Christmas. There's the wassailing and the carols and the mummers and everything. Zachary—" She caught her lower lip between her teeth and was silent again. He put his hands round hers, still lying clasped on her lap, and held them tightly, as though making a vow.

"Stella, if I'm not at home this Christmas I'll be home for lots of other Christmases, I promise."

"Promise?"

"I promise. And when I'm away you'll write me a letter sometimes, Stella, won't you? I'll write to you."

Stella nodded, the candles lighting up again in her eyes.

"And there's another thing you can do," he went on, "you can go to the Chapel of St. Michael, like Rosalind did, and remember there that I'm coming back again."

Stella actually smiled. "I'll go, like Rosalind. . . But that man was away for years, Zachary."

"And I'll only be away till I've licked Bony," he said, and laughed, and jumping up swung her to her feet. "I'll race you down the hill, Stella."

They did not run very fast. The race was a mere device to get them from the top of the hill to the garden gate, where they must say good-bye.

At the gate he picked her up and kissed her, holding her tightly, but only for a moment. Then he put her down, watched her until she reached the shelter of the porch, and then tramped quickly away down the lane without once looking back.

Left alone, Stella at first gave way to bitter, silent weeping.

After a time, she pulled out her mother's locket, that she always wore beneath her dress, and looked at it. She supposed her mother had had to bear a great many things. Grown-up people did. But she did not suppose that she had cried. She went on holding the locket until she had got the better of her tears, and then she went indoors and up to her room to wash her face.

Gentian Hill Continued from page 5

The turmoil of packing over, and the two young men tactfully gone to bed early, Dr. Crane and Zachary sat for the last time talking in front of the study fire.

Presently, after a short silence, Zachary said, "I've said good-bye to Stella." He felt he wanted the doctor to know how he felt about Stella, yet it seemed unexplainable.

"She'll not forget you," said the doctor, as though no explanation were necessary.

"She's only a little girl," said Zachary, moving restlessly in his chair. "I can't expect—"

"A very unusual little girl," said the doctor, "of whom unusual things may be expected. She is not the child of Father and Mother Sprigg."

Zachary suddenly sat straight up. "Not the child of the Spriggs? Does she know that?"

"Yes, she knows."

"Why, sir, she never told me!"

"I imagine that loyalty to Mother Sprigg would have kept her from telling you. But I think it is right that you should know. You'll keep your mouth shut."

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Crane then told all that he knew of Stella, and Zachary listened eagerly. "That explains her," he

said. "I could not understand where she got it from—her wisdom—not like a child's. Or like a fairy child's."

"She's human all right." The doctor laughed, went to his desk and came back with a folded scrap of paper. "This was written inside Stella's mother's locket. I copied it out in the Greek in which it was written. Your Greek is equal to the strain, I think. And you know 'The Banquet.'"

Zachary took the scrap of paper and translated slowly: "Love is the divinity who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea; the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love sings to all things which love and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and men."

Zachary had read the words often and they had little meaning for him, yet now it seemed as though they had actually been written for him. For a sudden brief moment he was in that core of quiet that exists at the heart of every storm; the fortress. He folded the paper again.

"You can keep it," said the doctor. "And now, we'd better go to bed!"

It was Sunday, October 20th, 1805. Mass had been said in the

deep experience for those to whom he ministered, most of them, like himself, French aristocrats driven here in refuge from the Revolution.

But he smiled only frostily as he came among them now, bowed to Sir George and bent to kiss the hand of Lady Carey as he courteously but firmly refused her invitation to dinner. . . . His manners were those of the Versailles of twenty years ago, highly stylised and enmeshed in ice, and somewhat shattering. . . .

His history was known to his fellow emigres in bare outline, but no more, for he never spoke of his past life. He had been the third son of the Comte de Colbert, and when the Revolution broke out he had served the King as long as he could.

Afterwards, he had gone home to do what he could to protect his parents. It was said of him that when the mob came to burn the chateau and murder its occupants he had fought like a tiger until he had been wounded.

The village cure, it was said, had rescued him and hidden him. When he came back to life again it was to find himself Comte de Colbert, for he was the only one of his family left alive. Then he became a fugitive, and it was at this time that he was joined in his wanderings by a woman whom he loved.

Who she was and whether he was married to her, the Torre Abbey community did not know. Somehow they had escaped together and reached England, a child had been born to them and they had been happy. Then the woman and the child had died and the Comte had gone to Ireland.

Nothing was known of the years he had spent in Ireland except that while there he had become a priest. Two years ago he had come to Torquay, the cold, hard, yet immensely impressive man known to the community as the Abbe de Colbert.

Now he moved about the hall, saying not more than a few words to anyone, excepting Mrs. Lotaine, a very old lady whose beauty and dignity had always attracted him.

Please turn to page 28



Kof-Eze for coughs & colds!

"It's Nature's own quick way—
KOF-EZE IRISH MOSS
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"He ain't right, is he, Slug? He says if I use th' little scoop it's petty larceny, but if I use th' big scoop it's grand larceny."



"Okay, try 'er now."

It seems to me . . .

PERHAPS it's a sign of weakness to be soft-hearted. It may even seem perverse at times. But when the wolf-pack is in full cry it's hard not to think of the hunted.

The objects of my sympathy vary from time to time. And though I can be as callous as the next one now and then, at present my favorite among the persecuted are weather-forecasters.

In a general way I always feel indulgent towards them. But when the weather is bad (and I know a woman who says she "hates weather" because there's always something wrong with it) they are sniped at from all directions.

Even when the forecasts are right, they're picked up on points. "Ha," says a citizen. "Showers, the forecast said. Call this a shower I suppose. It's a cloudburst."

If they say "Wet" and it turns out "Fine," is everybody pleased? No. In fact a British seaside magnate recently tried to get an injunction to restrain the B.B.C. from broadcasting adverse weather reports.

Racing tipsters are not more blamed for wrong forecasts. Tax collectors are not more exposed to calumny. Spare them one kind thought.



Dorothy Drain

IN the seat behind me at the opening night of Elisabeth Bergner in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" last week was a woman who kept saying: "You know, I saw a film just like this."

As the play moved to its climax she tried (aloud) harder and harder to recall the name of the film which, it appeared, had a little boy in it who was sent to boarding school.

If one ever delivered those answers which one thinks up to silence members of an audience who talk during a play, the answer to this one would have been: "My dear, you've probably seen 20 films something like this."

For "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," with its theme of the wife whose husband proves to be a murderer, is neither new itself nor remarkable in any way except for the ageless Miss Bergner, whose charms at 49 are the envy of watchers in their twenties.

After the visits of great stars from overseas, one often notices echoes of them in the local amateur theatre.

But I rather think that where Miss Bergner's pretty tricks may be featured is in the domestic scene. If a few husbands notice their wives developing quaint throaty voices, and pulling little-girlish faces, let them lay the blame where it belongs.

ONE entrancing aspect of modern life — if you don't let it get you down — is the fashion for having research experts make discoveries that everyone knew anyhow.

Solemn investigators at Birmingham University have found, after studying 9000 factory workers, that men don't like Mondays.

Save your remarks about Queen Anne until you hear the next bit: Women don't mind going back to work on Monday so much because they don't get true leisure at the week-end.

As I said to the woman from the next flat when she just beat me to the communal washtubs last Saturday, they'll be discovering the world is round next, and what with the cushion covers needing mending and one's hair to be washed, and don't mention the ironing . . .

Perhaps the only comment worth making on the discovery that women don't have as much leisure as men is a haughty, domestic sniff.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 8, 1950

WAR in Korea, plans to re-organise Australian civil defence — the news isn't exactly sedative these days.

A while back Swiss authorities asked householders to lay in emergency stocks of food, saying that they didn't really expect war, but describing the project as part of "normal" precautions.

Perhaps a thousand years hence historians will regard such precautions as "normal" for the restless 20th century.

I was thinking gloomily along these lines the other night when I heard on the radio that morbid little dance number that runs, "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think."

Research students of the 21st century, I thought, discovering the words of that song, will write essays saying that it typifies the pessimistic attitude of generations that lived on the brink of world wars.

But a little investigation is cheering. The theme of that song is based on an ancient Chinese proverb. Life was always precarious.

If we could step back a few hundred years in time we'd still be frightened — not of atom bombs from across the ocean, but of the marauders from the neighboring province.

MOTHERS, though they have their fair share of joy, have a great many disillusionments, and it seems unkind to destroy the illusions they manage to retain.

An American professor now sweeps another away by saying that babies say "Da-da" and "Ma-ma" simply because of physiological reactions.

On second thoughts mothers may not be as rocked as the heartless professor expects. They are accustomed to being told that their infant's first smile is "only wind." After all, mothers know best.

A MAN in Detroit, U.S.A., is seeking a divorce from his wife for reasons including the fact that she kept an alligator in the bath.

If, in moments of deflation and of self-examination,

You're inclined to be of pessimistic mind, Remember though your failings can call forth your husband's railings

They are maybe of a not uncommon kind.

Do you often nag a trifle, or his pockets sometimes rattle?

Do you growl if he drops ash upon the hearth? If he thinks his wife is gruesome, at least he didn't choose one

Who keeps an alligator in the bath.

Do you drive him near the border when the paper, out of order,

Annoys him when he gets the second look?

Do you madden him with chatter, on his car set up a batter,

When he's happy with a juicy murder book?

Don't be feeble! Be undaunted, when he gets that look that's haunted,

And enraged, his lot and you begins to curse,

At your clothes in bathroom drying; just answer,

"Yes, it's trying,

But an alligator, darling, would be worse."

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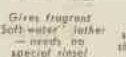
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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 26

MRS. LORRAINE was a widow whose two sons had both died fighting in India. She lived alone in a little house near Torre Church, and the Abbe liked her because she never spoke of her sorrows; nor of her rheumatism nor her straitened means.

He had actually been to call upon her once and she had asked him to go again, but he had not gone. Understanding him she had not resented this. She smiled at him with affection now, as he bent over her hand, but was careful to say nothing to detain him.

He strode away through the park with the swiftness and ease of a young man, for although he looked sixty he was in fact considerably younger. When he presently looked up and saw St. Michael's Chapel, its grey walls silver in the frosty sunshine, he decided to climb up and continue his thanksgiving there. It was the place that he loved above all others in this district.

He climbed up quickly and easily and, entering the chapel, he knelt down facing the place where once the altar had been.

Without knowing it, he spoke aloud: "Sit nomen Domini benedictum ex hoc nunc, et usque in saeculum."

Some sound disturbed him, a small rustle like that of a mouse. Rising, he turned abruptly, expecting a mouse, and saw a small girl in a green cloak and bonnet sitting sedately on a hummock of rock, her hands folded inside a round brown muff, regarding him very seriously out of a pair of starry grey eyes.

Meeting his glance she smiled with the utmost friendliness, and the smile went through him with a stab of pain. He stared at her with a face grown so suddenly haggard that any other child would have been scared. But not Stella. Having met with and given nothing but love all her life, love was what she expected to receive and give.

"Don't your knees ache?" she asked sympathetically.

"Slightly," said the Abbe stiffly. He had recovered himself, but he still stood where he was. He had not the slightest idea how to talk to children. He knew nothing about them. His own child had been so small a creature when death had come . . . Death . . . There . . . He felt dizzy again for a moment. Would he never get over it?

He perceived that the child had moved slightly. One small mittened hand came out of the muff and was laid upon the rock in invitation. She smiled and cocked her head on one side like a robin. Women! They knew how to beguile a man almost before they were out of the cradle.

But no, upon a second glance he saw that there was no coquetry about her; merely motherliness. He crossed the chapel and sat down beside her on the low rock with some difficulty, his long legs stretched out ridiculously before him.

"Do you suffer from lumbago?" asked Stella.

"I thank you, no," said the Abbe. "I just found it difficult to sit down because I am so much taller than you are."

Stella smiled, glad that he did not have lumbago. "Father Sprigg has it," she said. "It's most painful. Mother Sprigg warms salt in the oven and applies it to where the pain is, and then he feels better."

"Are Father and Mother Sprigg your parents?" asked the Abbe. He had quite forgotten that he did not know how to talk to children.

"Father and Mother Sprigg are my father and mother," Stella answered. This statement did not seem to her a lie. To say that they were not her father and mother would have seemed to her, as the doctor had guessed, disloyalty.

"You live in Torquay, child?"
"No, sir. I live at Weekabooragh Farm, near Gentian Hill."

"You are here alone?"
"Dr. Crane brought me to the bottom of the hill. He's gone to see a patient, and then he'll come back and fetch me. Those were lovely words you were saying when I came in. Like Zachary used to say sometimes."

"You like words?"
She nodded.

"So do I," he said. "They are like wings, are they not?"

"They fly up," she said, "and then they fall down again like light."

"Yes, I know. And this Zachary whose words you liked, is he your brother?"
He saw how the laughter left her lips and her eyes darkened. "No. He's gone away to sea, and I come here to remember that he will come back. Like Rosalind."

The Abbe knew something of the legend of the place. "Once a year, like Rosalind!" he asked.

"Yes. This is the first time I've come. Zachary went away on November 27th, so I really ought to have waited till November again, but I have come earlier because . . . She stopped, and looked a little troubled.

"Could you tell me why?" asked the Abbe gently. Yes, she could tell him. She had only hesitated because Mother Sprigg had said strangers did not always want to be bothered with all one's affairs. But this man seemed to want to be bothered.

"Last night I dreamed about the country where one goes. You know the country, sir?"

"Yes," said the Abbe. "Zachary was there, but I could not find him. He was afraid. I know he was there, and I know he was afraid, but yet I could not find him."

THE Abbe said quickly, "That was natural. Fear is a lonely thing. Even those who love us best cannot get close to us." "When I woke up I wondered why he was afraid," said Stella. "I thought perhaps there was a storm."

"And so you came here to remember Zachary in this place especially set apart for prayer for those at sea?"
"Yes. The doctor came to listen to old Sol's bronchitis—it's noisy—Sol's out ploughman—and I asked him to bring me here. Mother Sprigg was not pleased. It meant I could not go with her to church. But this is church, isn't it?"

"Certainly it is. Have you already prayed to be bon Dica for your friend, my child?"

"Yes. I was here quite five minutes before you knew that I was. It was me getting up and sitting down that made you turn round."

"And this Zachary who is not your brother, he is a child of neighbors, perhaps?"

"No. He has no father or mother. But the doctor looks after him."

Could these be the doctor and the boy at the wrestling match? The Abbe opened his lips to inquire eagerly, then it suddenly struck him that for a man who resented curiosity as deeply as he did, he was asking an appalling number of questions. He had noticed before that the one idea of adults, when conversing with children, seemed to be to ask them questions. Extremely vulgar and ill bred.

Though in his case his vulgarity had been caused by the intense interest he felt in this little girl. No, interest was hardly the word; it was more than interest. And there was one more question he must ask.

Please turn to page 32

Interesting People



MR. GEOFFREY ROSSITER

RECENTLY appointed executive officer to the United States Educational Foundation in Australia, Geoffrey Rossiter will work with the U.S. Embassy, Canberra, carrying out student exchange programmes between the two countries. An R.A.A.F. wing-commander, he won wartime D.F.C., flew Sunderland with No. 10 Squadron in England and New Guinea. Now 33 years old he was Western Australian Rhodes Scholar for 1946, and took an M.A. degree at Oxford. He is a son of the headmaster of Wesley College, Perth.



MILES FRANKLIN

CHOSEN as special lecturer in Australian literature for 1950 by the University of W.A., Miles Franklin has chosen the Australian novel as her subject. Of merry disposition and an original turn of speech, her unusual first name was her great-grandmother's surname. A double Prior Memorial Prize winner with her novel, "All That Swags," and biography on Joseph Furphy, she modestly refers to herself as "a professional nonentity." Widely travelled, she lives alone at Carlton, Sydney, writes, cooks, and gardens.



GROUP-CAPT. J. W. C. BLACK

IN command of the R.A.A.F. School for Apprentices, the Ground Training School, Wagga, N.S.W., is Group-Captain J. W. C. Black. He joined the R.A.A.F. in 1937 as a Pilot-Officer, was sent to Washington as a Wing-Commander in 1944, back in Australia entered the R.A.A.F. Staff School, Mount Martha. He later was attached to Air Force Headquarters and in 1946 was appointed to Maintenance Group. Two years later he became Director of Organisation and Staff Duties, Headquarters. He is a Science-graduate of Sydney University.



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WORTH Reporting

CHANCE played its part in inducing Sergeant Ethyl Scott to join the Perth Police Force. She was theatre sister at a Perth private hospital when one of the patients, a police inspector, first interested her in police-women's work.

She began her probationary period shortly afterwards, and during the war years worked as a policewoman in Perth. In 1946 she sat for her sergeant's examination, topping the list, and the following year was given an appointment as sergeant.

Last year she did her commissioned officer's examinations, the only woman in the West to do so, and, believe it or not, Australia. Sergeant Scott has not yet been given an appointment as inspector, but, not waiting for this, has already been dipping into thick tomes on civil law in readiness for her next examinations.

"Working with human beings," she says, "especially in the Children's Court, and helping them to solve their problems, perhaps even to mould them, is fascinating, and a tremendous responsibility."

"One thing which I cannot impress enough is that troublesome girls between 13 and 18 will, more often than not, grow out of it. Mothers come to me in despair sometimes about their teen-age daughters, but I never feel half so concerned as they."

No policewoman in the West wears uniform, and all must be trained nurses before joining the force. Sergeant Scott is attractive and well dressed, has red-gold hair. She has musical ambitions.

"I want to play the piano," she says. "But when can I find time to learn?" Not in the next two or three years certainly, because she is going to be hard at it studying—this time, to be a woman magistrate.

Dad earns the dollars, mum invests them

MORE than 38,000 women in 63 leading American cities are attending lectures on the fundamentals of stock and bond investing being conducted by Wall Street's largest stock house.

The firm, which has pioneered "ladies only" courses, reports an unprecedented interest in Wall Street by women investors.

An official of the organisation said: "We've just about been bowled over by the enthusiasm of the women, who attend lectures at any hour and in any weather. More than 900 women showed up at a recent lecture in Newark (New Jersey)."

"We're frightened to advertise one in New York or Chicago."

A recent survey by the Federation of Women Shareholders revealed that women control 70 per cent. of all privately held wealth in the United States. They hold 52 per cent. of the stock in General Motors, and 47 per cent. of all railways companies' stock.



"And after you've learned the 26 letters we already have, then you can start making up new ones."

He's worked out how to spend £15,000

WINNING a fortune is almost as shattering to a man's nervous system as losing one, according to Melbourne clothing presser Mr. A. L. Thomas, who recently won £15,000 in a Queensland lottery. Two thousand pounds of this amount went to his father and a married sister, who held a share.

Numbed by the surprise of his good fortune, Mr. Thomas told reporters who broke the news that he didn't know what to do with the money. This confession promptly brought letters from strangers and charity organisations at the rate of a hundred a day, with suggestions for getting rid of it.

However, after sleepless nights of excitement, kindly mannered, gentle-voiced 54-year-old bachelor Mr. Thomas got his values straightened.

He decided that instead of being overwhelmed by the thought of the lump sum, he would think of the prize as a steady £10 a week income for life to make his retirement from his clothing factory job in a few months really pleasurable.

It means he'll be able to learn to play golf and have holidays discovering Australia, for which before he had never had time or money.

But best of all it ends household drudgery for himself and his 81-year-old father.

For 16 years Mr. Thomas and his father have had an entirely masculine domestic set-up.

Since the death of his wife, Mr. Thomas, sen., has been "chef-laundrer," and at the week-ends his son has done the household chores.

They're going to continue with these roles, but with the added luxury of having a hot water service installed, and an electric washing machine and vacuum cleaner.

Mr. Thomas says he toyed with the idea of selling their old-fashioned weatherboard house at Thornbury for a smaller de-luxe home.

But later he realised that such a move would gravely disturb his elderly father's associations.

A familiar shopping centre, good neighbors, and friendly streets come in the category of the things money can't buy, he reasons.

"And it would be no good employing anyone to do our cooking, because no one can make a cake as well as my father—he was taught to cook by my mother," he added.

Reciting is just for show-offs

AFTER teaching speech training and dramatic art for nearly 50 years (she hates the term elocution and all it implies), Grace Stafford, whose studio in Paling's Buildings, Sydney, holds happy memories for thousands of former students, has retired from active teaching.

"Staffo," as she is affectionately known to most of her pupils, gave her first lesson when she was still a senior pupil at the fashionable girls' school, Shirley, at Edgecliff. In those days, she admits reluctantly, it was "elocution"—with appropriate actions.

"Fortunately," she said, "parents seldom now ask for their children to be taught elocution. They ask for them to be taught to speak well—a very different matter."

People frequently claim to be able to tell any former pupil of "Staffo's." But Miss Stafford herself says that she doubts if she would be able to do so. Her theory has always been to make the most of an individual voice, not to produce voices to a set pattern.

The youngest pupil "Staffo" has ever had was a child of two and a half. Her mother took her to the studio on the recommendation of a psycho-analyst. By no means all her pupils have been children. Barristers and clergymen have frequently taken private lessons.

In retirement, "Staffo" will continue coaching and lecturing to school teachers who want to improve their speaking. For more than 20 years she has assisted the Department of Public Instruction in improving its teachers' speech.

THE parents of 18-year-old Piera Conti, of Lavoura, in Italy, saw blue lights round their daughter when she said her nightly prayers.

A priest was called, but was sceptical about the "miracle." Then the doctor was sent for. He found that Piera's body was overcharged with electricity. In contact with her rayon nightdress it gave off blue flashes.

Blindfolded herself to help pupil

A BLIND Greek pianist, George Themeli, who will tour Australia next year, had as his first teacher Mrs. Ha Chalmers, now of Manly, N.S.W. Mrs. Chalmers was formerly a concert pianist and teacher in Cairo, where she had Themeli as her pupil for four years. "He was the quickest pupil I ever had," she says.

"George's father brought him to me to have his first lesson when he was 12," Mrs. Chalmers said. "I had never taught a blind person before and took him on a month's trial."

"However, after the first few lessons, George's exceptional musical ability so impressed me that I decided to keep him on. He learnt his notes from music written in Braille, and would cover my hand with his to feel the fingering."

"To enable her to put herself in the position of a blind beginner, Mrs. Chalmers blindfolded herself during the first months of the lessons. 'Before long,' she said, 'I discovered that George had perfect pitch.'"

When he was 16 he went to France to continue his studies at the Paris Conservatorium, where he gained its highest awards. He subsequently toured Europe, South Africa (where he gave 53 concerts), and last year, on his third visit to England, played under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent.

"George dances, cycles, and goes to films," Mrs. Chalmers said. "He has overcome his disability to the extent of leading a life that would be normal to any young man."



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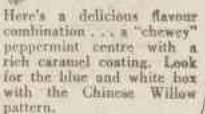


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Wimbledon centre court is fashion centre too



LEADING AMERICANS Nancy Chaffee, Doris Hart, Barbara Schiefeld, Midge Buck (non-playing captain of Wightman Cup team), Margaret Dupont, and Louise Brough arrive for practice at Wimbledon.

Players say tennis comes first but public interest in glamor contest remains

From H. DVORETSKY, of our London staff

Emphasis is on glamor and fashion at this year's Wimbledon. Whatever they may say to the contrary, most of the 96 women players competing in the mid-century tennis championships are going all-out to out-do one another in tennis—and in clothes.

The competition for the most glamorous contestant on the centre court will probably be a triangular affair, between three Americans, but they will have strong opposition from the wives of the men players.

GLAMOROUS Gertrude "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran, the 26-year-old Californian, who achieved the most publicity at Wimbledon last year when she appeared on the courts with lace panties, is again well to the fore in the fashion news.

But Miss Moran told me: "It is strictly tennis this year. There was too much fuss over the panties last July." But Gussie has brought over several new models to wear on the lesser courts just the same.

One model was designed by Pierre Balmain. It is styled on ballerina lines with a pleated skirt made of transparent chiffon.

The bloomer-style panties that go with the outfit are also pleated. The name given to this creation is "Tempress."

Closest rival to Miss Moran—both in tennis and in fashion—is another Californian beauty, 21-year-old Nancy Chaffee. Tall, green-eyed, chestnut-haired, Miss Chaffee has been chosen by Harry Hanover, owner of one of New York's leading model agencies, as "the most glamorous woman in sport."

Nancy—"please don't call me Miss Chaffee"—told me:

"I'm here to play tennis—not to take part in a fashion show. I'm a plain kind of girl. There are no frills about me."

Nancy has brought six outfits from America for Wimbledon. They are all made of white silk jersey. Four of them have pleated skirts and two have flared skirts.

"Plain pants, no frills," she said, anticipating my next question, and displaying the panties she will wear. Unlike most of the Americans competing at Wimbledon, Nancy has not been sponsored by the American Lawn Tennis Association. A public subscription was raised "dollar by



TALL, dark-haired, blue-eyed Mrs. Pat Todd, one of the American players competing at Wimbledon, thinks this outfit "too pretty to wear."

dollar" to send her to England for her first European tour.

A working girl in private life, Miss Chaffee runs a television programme called "Let's Talk Sport," and over American radio she discusses tennis fashions.

Miss Chaffee is hoping she will be among the American tennis stars who are invited to play in Australia this year.

She has included nine cotton frocks, five colourful "after five" dresses, and three evening dresses in her off-the-court wardrobe.

Her favorite colors are green and red. She likes tweeds, intends doing some shopping in London to find one or two suits to take home with her.

In America they say she has the most powerful forehand drive since Alice Marble.

Third of the glamor triangle is another American, Mrs. Pat Todd, who, up to now, has set off a perfect figure and equally perfect game with the severest of tennis clothes. But this year she has an outfit which may out-Gussie Miss Moran in her "Tempress."

In her wardrobe at the Dorchester, where all three glamor girls are staying, is an outfit Mrs. Todd thinks may be "too pretty to wear."

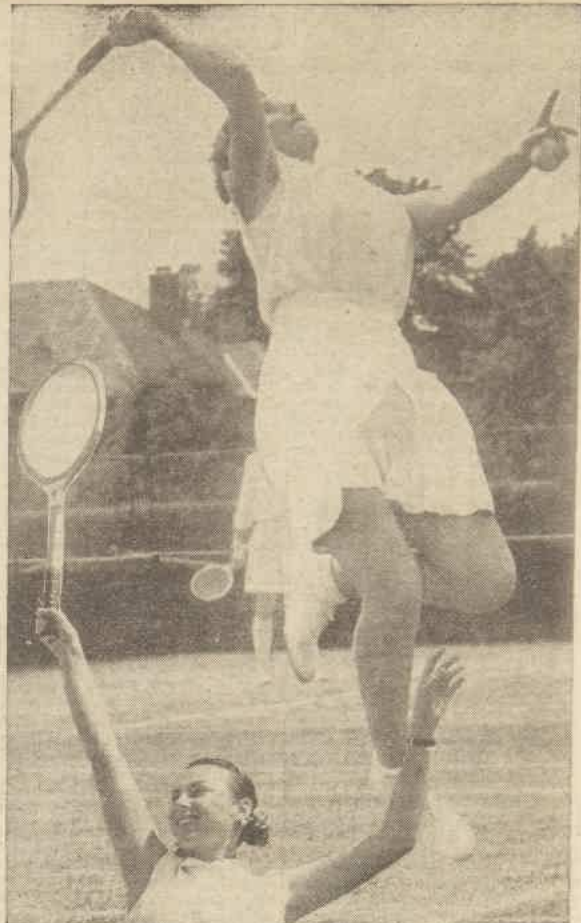
Of ivory sharkskin, the shirt has 186 hand-sewn strips forming a basket pattern. The shorts have stripes down each side made of three loose strips, which can be plaited in and out by hand. Their loose ends suggest the lace effect of Miss Moran's panties which intrigued the Wimbledon crowd last year.

The designer, David Kid, a Scot living near Hollywood, offered the original sketch to Mrs. Todd. She paid 100 dollars for it.

What the outfit cost—it was completed only three days before she sailed from America—is a secret known only to Mrs. Todd. So is the first occasion it will be worn.

Sport-loving Mrs. Thelma Long is the only Australian among the women competing at Wimbledon this year. Now 31, she has been playing competitive tennis since she was 16 years of age. She played her first Wimbledon in 1938, and again last year for the second time.

"Nothing glamorous for me," she



AUSTRALIAN Mrs. Thelma Long (above) playing in the Kent Open Championships.

but they have got to be small and suitable for packing," she said.

Mrs. Long comes from Maroubra, Sydney. She is a keen surfer, but has little time to spend at the beach near her home.

None of the English women competing at Wimbledon this year intend wearing anything "sensational." Most of them, like Miss Jean Quertier, Mrs. Betty Hilton, and the little Chinese girl Gem Hooshing, who plays for Britain, say they have no secrets locked away in their wardrobes.

But they will, as always, manage to look cool and appropriately dressed.

Tiny Miss Hooshing likes "plenty of freedom." She always wears skirt style shorts, plain sleeves, collarless blouses.

Honors for dressing in the stands are also likely to go to the Americans.

First prize will probably be carried off by Mrs. Victor Seixas (pronounced Sayshus), wife of the handsome player from Philadelphia. They are on a prolonged honeymoon, as Mr. Seixas declined to go on the just-completed South African tour unless his bride went with him.

Two other honeymooners are Australians, Geoffrey and Veronica Brown, and charming Mrs. Billy Talbert, wife of the American player who is expected to give Australian Frank Sedgman a hard fight for the coveted Wimbledon singles title.

It is hard to say which is the lovelier, Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Talbert.

Mrs. Rita Sidwell, wife of the Australian tennis ace, Bill Sidwell, is another smart onlooker. Short and slim, she has dark wavy hair, and is very attractive.

She and Mrs. Brown have been touring the Continent with their husbands, who have been playing in German tournaments.

AMERICAN Gertrude ("Gorgeous Gussie") Moran, whose lace panties drew the fashion spotlight to Wimbledon last July, makes a characteristic shot.

said when I asked her about tennis clothes, "but I do insist on sharkskin."

Tailored or pleated shorts are her favorites, and she has several outfits made up in playuit style.

Off the court Mrs. Long prefers sporting-looking clothes.

"Hats? I love them, but I don't get much chance to wear them. I bring two or three along with me,

FROM U.S. FOR PARADES

★ Lovely gowns featured on this page are included in what is claimed to be the most complete wardrobe ever to leave America. They are the work of America's most famous designers and are being brought to Australia by four top-flight U.S. mannequins, who will show them at a series of fashion parades. The Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, will present these parades through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Ltd.



DIAPHANOUS OVERSKIRT and graceful flowing mantle in silk organza make this ball gown by Irene, famed for her glamorous film costumes.



SILK TAFFETA coachman's coat (above), which does double duty as a dress, was designed by Jo Copeland, of Pattullo. A soft touch of femininity is added by the striped silk organza currently popular bow-tie at the throat.



TUCKED AND MOULDED through the bodice and released in floating folds, this Caribbean-blue silk chiffon gown is by Maurice Rentner.



★
CHECKED SUIT (at right) sponsored by Elizabeth Arden, features a black, brown, and white worsted. Interesting dress-maker detail is in the inset yoke which flatters the collar outline.

★
MEXICAN peon's workaday costume inspired this beach-shirt in white cotton, designed by Claire McCardell. It is stitched in black and worn with Bernado's unusual coolie sandals.



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Proper treatment is the only sure remedy.
Comstock's Worm Pellets will banish Stomach and Thread worms, quickly, surely and pleasantly. 2/6 everywhere.
COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 28

AFTER a bare moment's hesitation, the Abbe asked his question: "Your friend the doctor, is he fetching you here or waiting for you below?"

"He'll wait below," said Stella. "He doesn't like climbing up here. He has the rheumatics."

The Abbe crossed to one of the windows and looked out. Down at the foot of the rock he could see a gig, and even at this distance joyfully did he recognise the person and equipage he had called King Lear.

He turned back to Stella. "I see the good doctor is waiting." Then he asked just one more question. "Will you tell me your name, my child?"

She had got up and stood facing him. "Stella Spring. Please, sir, what is your name?"

"Charles Sebastian Michel de Colbert," he said, his eyes twinkling as he grew round with astonishment and dismay. "But most people call me the Abbe, and others just mon Pere."

"Mon Pere," said Stella gravely and sweetly.

She had him completely overturned again, as by that first smile. Thereafter, he thought of her ceaselessly, and was astonished at himself. He, who had never cared for children, to have been so enchanted by a farmer's child of the name of Sprigg.

Once or twice he actually caught himself reading aloud because she loved the beauty of words, and she kept him awake at night with the haunting of her smile.

His loneliness had quite suddenly become a burden. Eating his solitary breakfast a fortnight or so later he wondered if loneliness pressed upon other elderly people as it was now beginning to press upon him.

Perfectly content with his cloistered state he had not hitherto considered the loneliness of others. That was shameful, so he decided to make some amends at once by accepting the invitation Mrs. Lorraine had given him so many months ago to pay her a call.

Mrs. Lorraine, the Abbe believed, was nearer eighty than seventy, but only physically was she an old woman.

She greeted the Abbe very graciously, but he was aware of a twinkling undercurrent of surprise in her reception.

Talking to her, his attention was taken by a beautiful cedarwood workbox inlaid with ivory on the table beside Mrs. Lorraine. He thought it was Indian work, probably sent her by one of her dead sons. The lid was lifted and he could see that inside there were carved lids that lifted up from different compartments, ivory spoons wound with colored silks, an emery cushion shaped like a strawberry, a silver thimble and a pair of scissors fashioned in the shape of a bird.

Was it a swan? ... Stella had perhaps reached the age when little girls had to sew samplers.

He realised suddenly that for the past five minutes he had not been attending to a word his hostess was saying, and started guiltily.

"Your thoughts wander, Monsieur?" There was a hint of severity in Mrs. Lorraine's tone.

"Forgive me, Madame. I was thinking how a child would delight in that workbox of yours."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lorraine. "There is much in this room that would delight a child. It is a grief to me that I know very few children. I am a little shy of them, I think, and hesitate to ask them here."

She spoke gently, but he noticed a stiffening of her lips as she finished speaking and he accused himself. He believed that her grandchildren had also died in India. Fool! What was the matter with him to-day? But having gone so disastrously far his

instinct told him it would be best to go yet farther.

"I, too, am shy of them," he said. "My own child died so young."

She looked up quickly, her cheeks flushed with her pleasure that he should thus confide in her. If he had hurt her he had healed that hurt again. She must be even lonelier than he had guessed.

So in a moment, quite naturally, he was telling her about his meeting with Stella in the chapel, and of how he had gone with her down to the foot of the hill and renewed acquaintances with Dr. Crane. He told her of his first meeting with the doctor, and of the boy Zachary, and she was eagerly interested.

"You must see this child again," she said. "And bring her to see me. It is not right that we should allow our reserve to cut us off from young society. We need it, especially at Christmas. You should pay Stella a visit and take her a Christmas gift."

The Abbe was horrified. "Madame! The farmer and his wife, her parents—I do not know them. I could not possibly intrude myself."

"But this Dr. Crane, did he not express a wish for a closer acquaintance with you?"

"He did me the honor of hoping that we should meet again, but he gave me no definite invitation."

"Then you must take the initiative and wait upon him yourself; and then perhaps he will take you to see Stella." She looked about her, then lifted the workbox to her. "I'll just set this to rights and then you shall take it as a gift to the child."

"Madame!" cried the Abbe in horror, "I could not possibly do such a thing! I can see it is a great treasure. Madame, I could not deprive you—"

MRS. LORRAINE interrupted suavely. "You will do as I tell you, Monsieur. The little maid doubtless sews her sampler, and doubtless finds it a burden, as I did at her age. A pretty box will ease the burden. There are many trinkets here that will amuse her; see this little pair of scissors shaped like a swan."

"I had noticed them, Madame."

"Yes. I thought that you had. Your eye had a very acquisitive gleam, Monsieur, when it rested upon this box. I thought to myself at the time—it cannot be for himself that he wants it."

"Madame, I protest—" In his mingled delight and distress he was suddenly excessively French, his hands speaking for him, his eyebrows shooting halfway up his forehead, his eyes all as the eyes of an Englishman are never aught. She laughed delightedly. Was this the man whom the Torre Abbey community spoke of sometimes as a dry old stick?

"Believe me, Monsieur, I am delighted that Stella should have the box. You have given me great pleasure by this visit. You will call again, and bring the child, her parents permitting?"

"I will indeed, Madame."

She rose with the help of her stick, and stood with head bent humbly for his blessing. Seeing himself as he gave it as a wriggling worm at her feet he pronounced the words rather less perfectly than usual, but with happiness, for he was glad that he also had something to give.

Rupert Hoonslow was as efficient a naval officer as he was kind hearted, as persevering as he was both. Skillfully aided by distinguished influence in the background, he got Zachary back into the navy with the minimum of unpleasantness and the maximum of speed.

Please turn to page 33



That LEFT-OUT FEELING is no fun!

You don't go to a party to sit it out alone. So guard your daintiness against underarm odour. Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

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Mum checks underarm odour all day or evening. Protects against risk of future odour after your bath washes away past perspiration.

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Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh ingredients to irritate your skin. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure... dependable for this important use, too.



keeps you nice to be near

A Product of Bristol-Myers

THERE had to be unpleasantness, of course; a good deal of it. Zachary's uncle had to be informed that he was still alive, and being on leave in London at the time had insisted upon an interview that was sore and painful in every possible sense of the word.

But the distinguished influence saw to it that Zachary did not return to his uncle's ship; he served a grueling probationary period upon a ship of the Channel Fleet, and then, taking the place of a midshipman who had fallen sick, was transferred to a frigate sailing to join the Mediterranean Command.

Foreign service, Rupert Houndslow had thought, would be good for him; broaden his mind. It did much more than that. When he entered upon it he was a badly scared boy, when he returned from it he was a self-reliant man.

His first voyage in the frigate was in stormy weather from the English Channel through the Bay of Biscay to Sardinia, in the month of December. The strange ship, in the company of men whom he did not know yet, did not at first seem an improvement in his lot. Rather the contrary. He thought that this time he would really die of seasickness, complicated by some sort of fever that he had picked up. He hoped he would.

It was no comfort to be told that Lord Nelson, to whom they were carrying dispatches and under whose command they would find themselves when they reached their journey's end, had never succeeded in conquering seasickness either. He cared nothing for Lord Nelson. Nor did he expect to reach his journey's end; nor wish to.

Christmas, 1804, came and went, but he could not even think of Stella

and the doctor, and the wassailing and mumming at Weekaborough. He could only think of how he was to keep upon his feet.

Eight bells. The pipes of the boatswain's mates penetrated the snaky nightmares of an upset stomach. He knew that the morning watch was his, rolled out of his hammock and clutched the stanchion beside him. Clutching it, he became slowly aware of some curious facts. He was dizzy and trembling as usual, and his head was aching, but he was not retching. . . . And the ship was steady. . . .

In the dim light of the swinging lantern he reached with one hand for his coat and trousers and dragged them on. Dressing, while clinging to the stanchion, had been a great problem in the past weeks, but he managed it more easily today. Another midshipman, possessed of a cast-iron interior and a kind heart, who also had the morning watch, brought a basin of cold water and he soured his head in it.

"Storm blown itself out and we're anchored, by Heaven!" whispered the other midshipman, a ginger-haired urchin just turned fifteen, Jonathan Cobb. Then he gripped Zachary firmly by the elbow and towed him towards the ladder.

He liked Zachary. He himself was tough, stocky, and profane, impervious both to education and good manners, so his liking was at first sight surprising, but he had a queer motherly streak in him, which caused him to cherish the ship's cat and the seacick. Also he liked pluck and consid-

ered that Zachary had it, sick as he was, yet never asking to go to the sick bay.

"Where are we, Cobb?" croaked Zachary, stumbling up the ladder. "Sardinia," said Cobb.

They reached the top of the first ladder and were confronted by a glimmering grey shape. It was Snow, the ship's cat, a creature who had been born white, but was caressed so often by Cobb, who washed only under compulsion, that you would not have known it.

"Hi, Snow! Good old Snow!" Cobb scooped the cat up under one arm and pushed Zachary up the next ladder to the deck.

Clinging to the rail Zachary looked about him, and caught his breath with something more than the cold. The fleet was riding at anchor off the coast of Sardinia; the

long lovely shape of the island lay before him.

The great ships resting upon the gleaming sea, their poop lanterns shining softly, were dwarfed almost to nothing by the splendor of the starlit sky above; yet each had its own dreamlike and perfect beauty.

For the first time since he had been at sea a brief thrill went through Zachary. There was a leap of joy in him, like a flame lighting up in a dark lantern.

Cobb was pulling at his sleeve. "Look! There's the Admiral's flagship. You can see the Nelson chequer painted on her hull."

Zachary stared at the Victory lying there at anchor under the stars, with one bright star in particular seeming to burn like a lantern just above her masthead, and another kind of thrill went through him.

He had never seen Lord Nelson, had never even wanted to, yet it meant something to him now that he was serving under him. Whatever was before them now the end of it was going to be something memorable, something symbolic and worth while.

Cobb was pulling at his sleeve again. "Come on, you moonstruck fool. Come on!"

The surge of cheerfulness, the sense that something was about to happen, had come to every man on board, not only to Zachary. Men whistled as they worked that day, and at dinner time, after the grog had been served, the strains of "Drops of Brandy" could be heard echoing from every ship in the fleet.

By mid-afternoon the clouds had covered the sky again, and a heavy gale was blowing, yet no one seemed to care. The sense of expectation grew and mounted, and reached its culmination when two lookout frigates came flying in to the roadstead like birds, and a signal raced to the masthead of the Victory. "The enemy is at sea."

A few hours later they were off upon that chase of four thousand miles, all round the Mediterranean and then to the West Indies and back, that was to be one of those failures that live in history more thrillingly than many victories.

A midshipman who had had a classical education, even though he might be extremely seacick, could not fail to be thrilled by the Mediterranean.

Nelson manoeuvred his ships through the straits of Messina in terrible weather with great skill, and Zachary looked with awe upon Scylla and Charybdis and the fires of Stromboli. He saw Tunis, Malta, and Crete, and in an interval between storms, in a calm sunrise, saw the coast of Greece with rose-colored rocks reflected in a mother-of-pearl sea.

Then back again, the enemy having escaped them, the length of the Mediterranean, past the coast of Spain, and away to the West Indies.

It was fair weather and Zachary became downright happy. He could bear to think of home now, and wrote long letters to Stella and the doctor, though Heaven only knew when they would get them.

The routine of each ship went like clockwork, the days were leisurely, and for the first time Zachary knew that life lived upon the sea could be as gracious and friendly as life upon the land.

Please turn to page 34

Gentian Hill Continued from page 32



We're now free from pains and aches thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Rheumatism and its kindred ailments—Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches, etc.—are usually caused by an accumulation of bacterial poisons and uric acid in your system.

If you or yours are suffering from Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, etc., these letters from users of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will interest you:

This grateful wife says:

"My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."

From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly. . . . I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and he bought some coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away. I am quite free of it. . . . I am one person who is very grateful for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I still take them, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, and the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, or Lumbago, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 everywhere



Be Regular

and build
yourself
UP
without
medicines



Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD, BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. To-day's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination... no medicines needed.

Health Food

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source of Vitamin B, for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Delicious This Way

Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour. You may

prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

"TIRED BLOOD" and Blemishes



Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach, it helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood"... cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN***
★ Registered Trade Mark

FLATTER THOSE IMPORTANT INCHES!

With a hip-hugging jersey and its slashed-to-the-waist sleeves. Or a button-up with its gold diagonal stripes—so sophisticated and so slimming.

For the pick of French, American, English, and Australian Designs, buy the latest.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY KNITTING BOOK

64 pages of rich colour and rotogravure, and it's only 1/6 from your newsagent or bookseller.

FINGER SUCKING NAIL BITING can be safely, hygienically CHECKED WITH "NEVER SUCK"

2/6 at all chemists

My Lady's "Camouflage"

Heals and conceals
pimples and
skin blemishes...

AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND GOOD STORES

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 33

AFTER a time, the Victory and the Superb sailed for England, leaving the rest of the fleet to watch for the enemy to come out again.

Through those sweltering summer days they watched Cadiz as a cat a mousehole. Those days were, for Zachary, no longer tranquil in spite of the blue sea and the warm sun and the scent of the orange groves drifting to them from the coast of Spain. They were all keyed up to an almost intolerable sense of expectation, a small fleet waiting for battle with a much larger one.

For Zachary the battle had begun already, as he fought not to be afraid of his fear. He could no longer concentrate successfully on the books he tried to read, but as before single sentences stayed with him and steadied him, especially those sentences that were written in Greek in Stella's locket.

Nelson was in England for only twenty-five days, but the weeks of his absence seemed as many years to the waiting fleet. And then, one evening at the end of September, the Victory quietly slipped in among them again.

With Cadiz and the enemy so close there could be no salutes or hoisting of colors, yet Zachary felt that the little man over there upon his quarter deck must surely feel the surge of affection and relief that went through the whole fleet; it was something almost tangible in the silence of the still, warm, scented dusk.

The atmosphere subtly changed. The days of waiting were now tingling with activity as Nelson moved his squadrons here and there like chessmen, trying to tempt the enemy out and at the same time to prevent them escaping into the Mediterranean.

Cruising with his frigate squadron close to Cadiz, actually able to see those great ships within the harbor, Zachary's dread mysteriously lessened. It was said that they were outnumbered and outgunned. What of it? If they were victorious the greater the glory, and if not, the greater the glory too.

October 5th, and exciting news passed through the English fleet; the enemy in Cadiz were getting their troops on board, and the Spanish squadron at Cartagena had their topsails up.

October 20th, and the news had raced from masthead to masthead. The enemy's fleet is at sea. But daylight of that Sunday morning found the world shrouded in sea mist and they could not see them; they could only see at intervals the towering cliffs of Cape Trafalgar.

October 21st, and just before dawn the English fleet altered course. They had drawn the enemy fleet well away from Cadiz and now they turned to the north east, ready to attack.

There was a slight mist, and a heavy swell that made Zachary feel seasick again, until he came on deck and saw, only a few miles away, the great ships whose lights he had seen at midnight, and in the beauty and terror of the sight he completely forgot his own fears.

After that he had no time to remember anything. The signal "Prepare for battle" was flashed through the fleet, the drums beat to quarters and each man ran to his duty. The ship's company had tied silk handkerchiefs round their heads, to protect their ears from the roar of the guns, and stripped to their waists.

They worked quickly and quietly, carrying wooden bulkheads, canvas screens, furniture and crockery to the hold, dousing the sails with buckets of water and sanding the decks, making the guns ready, preparing the cockpit for the wounded, setting buckets of water, tourniquets and swabs where they would be needed,

and all within the six minutes allotted for the task.

By seven o'clock the English ships were sailing in two columns, Nelson and the Victory leading the northern column, Collingwood and the Royal Sovereign leading the southern, towards the five-mile-long curve of the enemy ships.

As the English men-of-war rolled gently on, their bands began to play. The sailors seemed excited, happy and fearless, sharpening cutlasses, polishing guns and singing to the music of the bands. Some of them danced a hornpipe and others called out instructions as to the dispersal of their property if they were killed. "Bill, you can 'ave me trousers. Tom you can 'ave me best 'andkercher." But not as though death were anything very imminent.

A signal flew at the masthead of the Victory, that England expected every man to do his duty, and as the message passed down the lines it was greeted with a tremendous roar of cheering. Could this be war, wondered Zachary, this sunshine, brilliance, music and cheering?

He was standing behind the First Lieutenant, whose messenger he would be throughout the battle, with his heart beating like a sledge hammer. But not with fear. Only with awe at the intolerable beauty of it all.

Then another signal flew from the Victory's masthead, the signal for close action, and in a very few minutes the enemy had opened fire.

The two English columns sailed on stoically enduring it, holding their own fire, for perhaps twenty minutes, until the two spearheads, the Victory and the Royal Sovereign, had broken the enemy column, and one by one the great ships behind them sailed into the fight, sweeping out fanwise, each to attack her prey.

THE strategy of the battle, the perfect carrying through of a brilliantly conceived plan, was as lost upon Zachary as upon any other seaman taking part in it. For them, after the fury broke, it was merely hell. For months Zachary had been dreading this ordeal and he found it worse than anything he had conceived even in his most lurid imaginings.

Afterwards he wondered how it was possible for men to keep sane in the midst of such an infernal uproar.

The cannons along both sides of the two gun decks were all thundering and flashing fire, the heavy carriages banging and leaping at each recoil, and above those the upper battery of cannonades roared at each shot. The hissing and screaming of the round shot seemed to tear one's head open; and every now and then there was an ear-splitting crash as the shots struck home.

Once Zachary saw the picture of two great ships locked in a death grip. Another time he saw the vermillion and blue of an enemy hull looming right above their frigate like a great cliff.

The fight continued, becoming harder for those who were left in the ranks were thinned on the ships. Yet each man continued able to do what he had to do, and Zachary was no exception. He obeyed his orders instantly and accurately and seemed to have the strength of ten men in the fulfilling of them.

He had known a few thrills of bitter fear during the first terrible twenty minutes of slow advance, but once the fight had begun there had been no more of that.

Hour after hour it went on: Men toiled at the guns, in the magazines, in the rigging, carrying the wounded, running messages, repairing underwater timbers.

ON each ship the master-at-arms went upon his ceaseless rounds, noting how all was going, and hour after hour the officers maintained their ceaseless vigilance, keeping the machinery of the fight turning over.

Hour after hour admirals and captains, cocked hats on their heads, stars and orders shining on their breasts, paced their quarter-decks until they died, and hour after hour, down in the stifling cockpit, the surgeons and their mates endured the worst horror of it all.

It was extraordinary to have it over, for it had seemed eternal. Yet at sunset it was over. The last of the battle noises had died into silence, the stricken ships were being prepared for the night, and the wretchedness of exhaustion and reaction had each man in its grip. But they had won a great victory.

Zachary, sitting on a coil of rope with his arms on his knees and his aching head in his arms, told himself that over and over again, but could not seem to take it in. They had won a glorious victory.

The fleets of France and Spain were defeated. England was safe now from invasion. Stella was safe. The frigate, though badly battered, was still seaworthy. He himself had suffered no more damage than a slight flesh wound in his right arm and a splitting headache. And he had stood the test.

He had every cause to rejoice. But he couldn't, for Cobb was dead. Cobb was dead, and the cat.

He looked about him, and wretched though he was the artist in him could not fail to be gripped by what he saw. The smoke of the battle, no longer shot through with flame but delicately tinted by the colors of the sunset, was rolling away towards the land, leaving the scene strangely bright and clear. The sky was ultramarine on the horizon, dark blue overhead, with a few stars pricking through, the sea below deep green.

There was no wind, but a heavy Atlantic swell upon which the brilliantly painted captured enemy ships and the more sombre black and yellow English ships rose and fell, many of them with trailing rigging, sails full of shot holes, shattered masts, and gaping wounds in their sides. Some of them lay with a sharp list.

Of the two great ships which with their Admirals had led the fleet to victory, Collingwood's Royal Sovereign looked like a wounded stag, and Nelson's Victory had her mizen-topmast shot away and her sails riddled.

The darkness deepened and the ships' lanterns shone out across the water. The Royal Sovereign had her full complement of lights, but something seemed wrong with the Victory. Zachary stared and blinked, then found the senior midshipman beside him, and caught his arm.

"The Victory?" he said.

"What's wrong with the Victory?"

asked the other crossly.

"Hardly any lanterns. They've

not lit the Admiral's lights."

The elder boy stared. Communication between the ships was difficult. Their frigate knew nothing about the fight except that they had won it.

"No Admiral's lights?" he said stupidly.

"No," said Zachary.

They continued to stare stupidly, their faces grey in the waning light. All through the fleet men were staring stupidly at the Victory. Triumph changed to incredulous pain as the darkness and silence deepened. Victory? They had no joy in her any longer; for she had come to them veiled in darkness, like the ship that bore her name. Nelson was dead.

To be continued

THE shutters were tightly closed, but through the open door at ground level he could see a shadowy, cool entrance with rush-seated chairs ranked around a flagstone floor. On the wall a brass plate announced: F. Arrigo Casal, Medico.

Henry's misgiving deepened. Senora Casal—she had married again then since Ned's death.

And he was on the point of turning away, of crossing the square to a cafe to sit down and ponder his opening gambit, when he heard the quick tap of heels. A woman appeared in the entrance. She glanced straight at him and involuntarily he removed his hat.

"Senora Casal?"

"Si, senor." She was perhaps thirty, slender, with a proud bearing.

"My name is Bow," Henry said, in his precise, academic Spanish. "I'm a friend of Edward Marlyn's."

He was startled by the change in her expression. As though he had struck her across the mouth, her eyes widened; she raised a hand to a fold of her veil, gazing at him. She looked at him searchingly, drew a long breath. "Enter, senor. And—forgive me—I have had news for you, as a friend of Eduardo's."

"The boy?" Henry said.

"Yes—the boy," she said. "You had better know at once. He's not here. For two months we've known only that he's—somewhere with my brother Rafael."

She looked up at him. "Rafael is a fugitive," she said. "Wanted for murder."

Henry had pictured many different circumstances which he might find when he reached this house, but the story told to him by Sofia and Arrigo Casal was outside his calculations.

The doctor was a big, vigorous man, perhaps ten years older than his wife. His hair was shot with grey. He had a dark, strong face. At lunch in the cool dining-room, he filled Henry's wineglass.

"Tell me frankly why you have come, senor," he said. And when Henry told him he nodded slowly, and he put a hand on his wife's. "We don't talk much about the past, Senor Bow. We understand each

other—that's enough. We have a child of our own, now, a little girl. We would not stand between Sebastian and any plans his father may have had for him. Maybe there could have been between those two something that there never has been between Sebastian and me.

"But he was already nine when we married. That's old enough for hero worship and Sebastian's hero, unfortunately, was his uncle, Rafael Robledo, contrabandista, civil war soldier, famous slinger."

He smiled grimly. "A formidable influence for a middle-aged doctor to combat in a boy's mind!"

Henry agreed. "You used the word 'slinger,'" he said. "The men of Majorca, the Balearic slingers, were prized auxiliaries of the Roman legions—"

"The stone-hurling sling," Don Arrigo said, "survives as a means of sport among our young men. With Rafael Robledo it's been always a passion. I've watched him, out on the mountain you see there—Puj Mayor—knock down hawks on the wing. Now it's his sling that's made him a fugitive. He cut the eye out of a civil guard; killed him instantly, in a smuggling affray on Dey's beach two months ago."

So that was it, Henry thought. A Balearic slinger. A murderer. He said, "The boy was with him?"

"Countless times," said Don Arrigo, "he's been out with Rafael in the contraband luggers. Countless times I've punished him for it and his mother has pleaded with him, predicted disaster to him—vainly. But, as it happened, he wasn't with Rafael on that occasion."

He nodded toward the open window, with the mountain beyond, sweltering in the heat.

"Rafael escaped," he said. "He got away into the broken country beyond Puj Mayor there."

"And, a week after his disappearance, one night Sebastian was gone, too. Vanished. Oh, we had no doubt where he had gone! He'd often absent himself for days together to roam with Rafael in the hills. He knew his uncle's secrets, his hide-outs. Rafael was always

his hero, Rafael as outlaw—'wolf's head' as we say here—is irresistible to him. He'd gone to join Rafael."

"And that was nearly two months ago?" Henry said. "But how can you be certain he's with Rafael?"

"We've good reason," Don Arrigo said. He glanced toward the door, lowered his voice. "The guardias have long since given up their search in the hills, Senor Bow. They're still keeping a keen watch on the contrabandistas' bolt holes around the coast, but they're more than half convinced that Rafael's already escaped from the island here."

"Dona Sofia and I know otherwise. Four mornings ago I found a shutter forced, in this house. That was a small window—just big enough for a boy to squeeze through. I searched carefully and found just one thing missing—from Sebastian's own room. It was a board he had made of thongs and supple pouches for slings."

"Four mornings ago?" Henry said.

DON ARRIGO nodded, glanced at his wife. "Tell him of my memory which that nocturnal visit stirred for you, cara."

Sofia said, "Once, years ago, I was in the hills there with Rafael and he showed me the place, a dry watercourse, where he got the stones, certain black pebbles, very heavy and beautifully round, for his sling. He said it was those stones which had made him the best slinger in the island and he jealously guarded the secret of that place. He swore me to secrecy."

Don Arrigo took a map from his pocket. "Dona Sofia has marked the place here. If we sent the guardias to set a trap there, they might get Rafael. He must hunt for food; he must need ammunition, stones. But we dare't send the guardias. They'd shoot on sight. The boy might be killed, too—Sebastian."

Henry thought of those swarthy, tough soldiers he had seen at the station. He nodded.

"I've thought of going myself," Don Arrigo said. "I have a plan—very simple. I should conceal myself at the place of stones and watch. If and when they came, Rafael and the boy, I should trail them to their hide-out. I should keep it under observation till they emerged again, then I should slip inside and—one moment."

He rose, opened a door. Henry glimpsed the white cabinets of a surgery; and, returning, Don Arrigo laid a tiny, corked phial on the checkered tablecloth.

"A doctor's weapon," he said—"the only one I should take. No shooting. Nothing that could endanger the boy. Simply, I should drop this powder into the water, wine, whatever they have there. And when they returned and drank—they would sleep for twenty-four hours or so. I should carry the boy away."

Henry looked at him steadily. "And Rafael?"

"I could send the guardias to bring him in or—I could keep a still tongue, I don't know," Don Arrigo said. "He is Dona Sofia's brother. She can't bring herself to believe, as I believe, that he's never forgiven your friend Edward Marlyn. No one can hate like a Spaniard, if he so chooses, and it's my belief that Rafael's influence over Sebastian has been exercised deliberately for evil. Rafael's been denied direct revenge on Marlyn so strikes at him indirectly by leading the boy into wickedness, corruption, danger."

He glanced at his wife. "I am sorry, Sofia—"

She said only, "You can't go, Arrigo, you know it. This might involve days of watching, of vigil. The only doctor in Soller, with patients you dare not leave, how can you go?"

"Yet, supposing I suggested this plan to the guardias," Don Arrigo said, "can you see them using the patience it calls for? The whole point is to safeguard the boy. One glimpse of Rafael and they'd start shooting, regardless of Sebastian. Oh, we've been over it interminably!"

FEARFULLY Henry stared at the phial on the tablecloth. There was a slow thud in his chest.

The historian in him was thinking, "A Balearic slinger, direct descendant of the auxiliaries of the Roman legions—outlaw in his own terrain." But the veteran in him was thinking of Ned Marlyn's son—and of Ned, a year ago, in a gleaming white streamlined hospital thousands of miles away—of a promise to a man now dead.

Almost of his own accord, his hand moved, closed on the phial, dropped it into his shirt pocket.

He said dryly, "It's a good plan."

But by the blazing mid-afternoon of his third day in the hills beyond Puj Mayor, his faith in Don Arrigo's plan had withered almost to extinction in the heat quiver over charred wilderness.

It was lonesome, arid country of razor-edged ridges and boulder-strewn arroyos. From a cranny among rocks he was gazing down the slope of a parched watercourse. The only sign of life was a yellow-and-black lizard streaking over the stones.

He ran a finger round under the handkerchief knotted at his throat, uncorked the wine-skin loaned to him by Don Arrigo. The warm, acid liquor stung his lips, cracked by the heat. As he passed the back of his hand over them, he felt the prick of beard stubble.

Six miles away stood the monastery of Puj Mayor, the only building in this desolation. By tradition, the monks gave to the wayfarer the hospitality of a cell for a limit of four nights; but they didn't, Henry reflected, rasping his stubble, run to candles to light the toilet of guests who rose in the dark long before dawn.

He had made the monastery his headquarters. It seemed unlikely that Rafael Robledo would seek stones for his sling after dark. Therefore, Henry had trudged back each night to the monastery to sleep. But after to-night, his fourth, the monastery would be closed to him—unless, perhaps, he were to explain to the abbot his real purpose.

Please turn to page 36.

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STARING absently at the sun shimmer over the stones as he thrust the cork back into the wineskin, he wondered whether it would be worth while to seek an extension from the almoner.

Three days he'd had, now, of this vain vigil. He was at the exact spot which Sofia had declared to be the source of Rafael Robledo's black stones. Beside him, under a pair of field glasses loaned to him by Don Arrigo, lay the map Sofia had marked. There could be no question but that this was the place.

Silently over the rocks sailed a black dot of shadow. Looking up, he saw a vulture hovering in blue infinites.

"What do you see?" Henry wondered. "A man and a boy prowling, fugitive, in this scorched hinterland?" Or were they gone, slipped away to sea in some contraband lugger?

Sitting with his back to a rock, hot to his shoulder blades, he rolled a cigarette. It was a measure of his discouragement, for fearing a wisp of smoke might betray him just as Robledo came, this was the first cigarette he had risked.

The matchbox was in his hand when a sudden rattle of stones made him snatch the cigarette from his lips and sprawl full length.

Thirty yards away, down the opposite bank tumbled a small cascade of pebbles, followed instantly by a brown streak that hurtled from between two cactus clumps and landed on neat, hunched hoofs on the dry stones of the stream bed.

He glimpsed the curled, mussy horns and pale eyes of a mountain goat. It wheeled away, bounded fleet-footed down the watercourse—and a leather thong cracked in 'he ai like a whiplash. A stone hummed, venomous as a hornet, struck a rock and ricocheted in a whining arc.

A figure had appeared on the crest of the opposite bank, against the sky.

It was a boy, shirtless, in blue

cotton trousers, with a pouch dangling from his leather belt. His brown, bare chest heaved; sweat made rivulets down his dusty ribs. His hair was a dark, close-curling mop. Thumbing a new stone into the sling pouch in his left hand, with his right he jerked the thongs taut, slanting across his body.

"Aquil!" he shouted. "Aquil, Rafael; this way!"

He plunged down fiercely through the cactus.

His shout had been directed roughly in Henry's direction and simultaneously Henry heard the clatter of a loose stone nearby. There was a sudden thud of hempen sandals and a shadow fell across him. He twisted his head, glancing up.

Gigantic against the sky, a man stood poised on a boulder, staring down at him in stupefaction.

Henry moved swiftly, heaving to his knees. But Robledo was swifter. He dived. His hands crushed in on Henry's throat. Hurling back, Henry's head met the rock behind him with an impact that burst in his skull like a bomb.

Now, he was just one solid ache above the shoulders and his head weighed a ton. He tried to raise a hand to it, but couldn't; his wrists were lashed together under him. The discovery galvanised his memory and he opened his eyes in a hurry.

Above him was a roof of grained, pale rock, quivered over by sun shimmer and tree shadow. He stared up at the moving patterns in wonder and a face came and looked down at him. It was a brown boy's face, clean-cut like Donna Sofia's, blue-eyed and black-browed like Ned Marlyn's.

For a moment the boy and the historian gazed at each other wordlessly, then Henry smiled with stiff lips. "Que tel, amigo?" he said.

"Rafael!" the boy shouted.

Wolf's Head Continued from page 33

Henry rolled his pulsing head sideways. He was lying against the rear wall of a shallow cave with a floor of drifted sand. The arched cave mouth was almost blocked by a growing stone pine. A hand pulled the branches aside and he saw the white lightning of the sun on tumbled rocks.

A man ducked into the cave. Lithe and hard-muscled like the boy, he wore only trousers and hempen sandals, with a pouch at his belt. He had Don Arrigo's field glasses in his hand. His hair gleamed black as enamel; his clean-shaven, handsome, aquiline face was olive-skinned, with a strange rigidity of expression. He looked down at Henry with dark, hard eyes.

"All right," he said to the boy. "Untie his hands and give him some breakfast."

"Breakfast?" Henry said.

ROBLEDO sat down on a ledge of rock, began to roll a cigarette. The package of tobacco and book of papers were Henry's own.

"You slept all night," Robledo said. "The sun's been up two hours, Professor Bow."

"All night?" Henry said. A thought struck him. "How did you know my name?"

Robledo held up a letter. Henry saw the address on the envelope. It was the letter from Ned Marlyn.

"Very interesting," Robledo said. "I can read English, you know."

He lighted his cigarette, the smoke drifting across his keen, rigid face. "So Marlyn wanted the boy back, eh? And my sister sent you to the place where I get my sling stones—and hunting that goat, we ran right on top of you. What was your idea, professor? What was your plan?"

The boy had freed Henry's hands. His ankles remained bound. He heaved himself to a sitting position, his back to the cave wall. The boy thrust an ensaimada—a kind of dough cake—at him and a chipped enamel mug with wine in it.

"Well?" Robledo said.

"I wanted a parley with you," Henry said. "There is a matter of great importance that I must—"

"To get me to hand over the boy?"

I see," Robledo held out a hand. On his palm lay the corked glass phial.

"And this? Some drug to put me to sleep if the parley failed? To be dropped into your wineskin before you offered it to me? 'No hard feelings, Robledo—have a drink.' And when I'd passed out, you'd have taken the boy. Was that the idea?"

"Something like that," Henry admitted.

"A suggestion of my brother-in-law, the medico, I suspect," Robledo said. "Dios, how they hate me."

"You're allowing an innocent boy to share your danger. Sooner or later, you'll be caught."

"Never! Not alive!"

"And Sebastian's to share that fate?"

For no other reason," Henry said, "than that you're his hero? You can accept the sacrifice from a twelve-year-old boy's loyalty?"

Robledo gestured contemptuously. "High talk!"

"What good does it do you to keep the boy with you?" Henry said. "You killed a man. Now you must fight for your own life. But it's your fight, not the boy's. Let me take him away."

"To America?" Robledo laughed.

"What was it the letter said? To give him education, opportunity, a chance in life. You hear, Sebastian? Classrooms and a part in your hair and games with an oval ball. You hear what the professor offers you? Untie his ankles, Sebastian. Go on, go with him."

THE boy stood silently, with clenched hands.

Robledo grinned. "What's this?" he said. "Can it be you'd rather come to-night in the boat with Granero and me? There'll be guards along the coast, mark you—with guns—watching for us. Safer to go with the professor, Sebastian."

The boy, meeting Henry's eyes, spat deliberately on the sand on the ground, and ground it with his hempen sandal.

"So," said Robledo. "All right, get out there and keep an eye peeled for Granero."

He drew deeply on his cigarette, watching Henry with narrowed eyes through the drift of smoke, as the boy went out.

Henry said dryly, "A cheap triumph, Robledo. It means nothing to you, then—the boy's loyalty, these weeks of companionship in the hills here, the danger he's shared with you voluntarily? It's given you no feeling for him, no affection? You know, I wanted to meet you—a descendant of the Balcarric slingers, the bold men who marched with the legions. After all, you're only half a man—degenerate—"

A thrust of Robledo's foot hurled him on his side. A hard knee ground into his back as Robledo jerked the thongs taut about his wrists.

"I pay my debts," Rafael Robledo said softly. "You shouldn't have come, Professor Bow."

The branches swished in the cave mouth as he went out.

Long twisting and straining at the leather thongs only rasped the skin from his wrists, Henry found, and made the sweat stream from him. The cave, filled with amber filtered sunshine, grew hot as a kiln as the day advanced.

Please turn to page 37

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

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Wolf's Head

Continued from page 36

PROFESSOR BOW's head ached violently. He could hear nothing of the man and the boy—only a deep, drowsy hum of flies, the occasional whirring of a cricket. Pain and heat made his thoughts wander. At last, from ex-
haustion, he dozed.

"Thirsty, professor?" He awakened with a start as a foot nudged his ribs.

The cave was as hot as ever from the light; he judged the time to be mid-afternoon. Robledo, squatting, splashed wine from a skin into the battered mug.

Straightening up, holding the mug, he said, "A little flavoring to it, eh?" He held up Don Arrigo's glass phial between finger and thumb, then bit the cork from the phial, spat out the cork, dropped the powder into the mug.

"Now, professor!" He dropped on one knee at Henry's side. "Lift your head and I'll play nurse."

"What's the idea?" Henry said. Robledo's eyes were fixed on him keenly. "For your own good, professor. We'll be gone in a few hours, the boy and me. Are we to let you go—to put the guardias on the alert all around the coast? No, señor? Then shall we leave you here, bound? You will die, professor, and maybe one day your bones will be found in this cave. A pity."

"We have no quarrel with you. What then? You brought your own salvation with you—the powder, eh? You will drink the potion you meant me to drink. A sleeping draught, verda? Good. When you're asleep, I'll cut your bonds. And when you wake—why, you're free to go. We shall be at sea by then—well at sea. Come, professor, lift your head!"

There was nothing he could do. His helplessness had the quality of nightmare. The handsome, dark face above him was rigid, implacable; the jet-black, fine eyes stared down at him with a bitter scorn.

"Must I use force?" Robledo said. "A knee in your chest? Your nose held?"

He moved abruptly—and checked, listening as a shout came, urgent, from beyond the cave mouth: "Rafael! Rafael!"

Robledo rose swiftly, set the mug on the ledge of rock, whipped out his sling.

Henry heaved himself with difficulty to a sitting position, his back to the wall. He listened, his breath held. No sound but the hum of flies, weaving sharp-angled patterns in the tawny light. Then a loose stone rattled. He heard the thud of sandals, running. The branches were whipped aside and Sebastian ducked in.

Panting, he glanced around the cave. Don Arrigo's field glasses stood on the ledge of rock. The boy seized them, saw the filled mug, drained it so hastily that wine spilled on his chest; and with the field glasses in his hand he ran out.

Henry sat rigid. He didn't know what was happening out there, what had alarmed them. Perhaps help was coming. But if it weren't—if it were a false alarm—

His idea flamed itself in Henry's mind. It was a long shot, a gamble. For all Robledo's bitter taunt that he would see the boy dead before Marilyn should have him, it seemed to Henry impossible that the boy's loyalty, his companionship through weeks of danger, could have been utterly without effect on the slinger.

Henry shouted suddenly, "Robledo! Robledo!"

No answer. Only the surge of the pulse in his own head. Minutes passed. He fought again with the thoughts about his wrists—fought vainly. Sweat streamed down his haggard face.

"Robledo!" he shouted again. He heard someone coming, then. Robledo brushed through the branches. He carried the boy in his arms. He laid Sebastian down on the sandal floor, snatched the mug from the ledge, looked at Henry.

"I couldn't stop him," Henry said. "It happened too quick."

Robledo hurled the mug from him. "It was a priest out there, very far off," he said—"just a priest from the monastery. And now this!" He looked down at the boy. "Well, we'll carry him, that's all—Granero and me. He comes with us tonight."

"No," Henry said. "You get him to a doctor, get him there quick, or he'll be dead by tonight!" He drew in his breath. "We've been tricked, both of us, Robledo—by your brother-in-law. Hate you? I'll tell you what he said of you. He said you were a mad dog—that you should be removed painlessly, like any other mad dog. I'd have fought you with my teeth rather than drink that wine just now."

"Every instinct told me that that was no simple sleeping draught in that phial. His instructions were too implicit that it was for you—for you alone! It wasn't a sleeping draught, Robledo. It was a draught for a mad dog not meant to wake!"

Robledo took a pace forward. He looked at Henry with a dark shine in his eyes. "Liar!" he said, quite softly. His hands smashed across Henry's mouth. "Liar!" he repeated and struck again, back-handed. "Liar! Liar!"

BLOOD from cut lips was salt in Henry's mouth. It brought him a fierce exaltation. This man, after all, had feeling—something in him beyond the rigor of hatred. The boy meant something to him, whether he had realised it or not. Hope flared in Henry.

He said steadily, "You half guessed, yourself, that that phial was lethal—when I refused to drink. You suspected, Robledo! As I did!"

Robledo straightened suddenly, looking down at the boy.

"Get him to a doctor," Henry said. "Or, if you daren't, let me take him in—"

Robledo stood unmoving. "You'd rather see him die at your feet than give him a chance?" Henry said. "You meant that? All right, Robledo. It may take a few hours. It'll be painless. Don Arrigo is a doctor—a humane man—"

Robledo stooped. From the fingers of the boy's limp hand he unwound the thought of a sling. He straightened slowly, looking at it.

Henry didn't breathe. Rafael Robledo's hand closed hard on the thought, then threw them from him. He took a knife from his pocket, flicked open the long blade. He slashed Henry's bonds at wrist and ankle, and straightened, stepping back. Without a glance at the boy, he thrust through the branches across the cave mouth and was gone.

On a ridge half a mile distant from the cave, Henry Bow turned and looked back.

He could see the stone pine at the cave mouth, but there was no sign of Rafael Robledo.

Henry drew a long breath. He shifted the sleeping boy to a more comfortable position across his shoulder. Thin and tall, with his slight stoop, the old tweed hat shading his haggard, meditative face, he turned and trudged on.

From far off, beyond the peak of Puij Mayor, came a cry like a hunting horn's. Henry Bow smiled slightly, and his stride lengthened.

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Lovelier skin in 14 days!



You too, can look for these improvements in only 14 days!
THE PALMOLIVE PLAN BRINGS YOU
Brighter, clearer skin • Better firm texture • Better tone • Fewer blemishes • Less oiliness • Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer colour

HERE'S THE PLAN THE DOCTORS PROVE
Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

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Sanitarium PEANUT BUTTER
—milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

Here's a school lunch youngsters go for—sandwiches made with SANITARIUM Peanut Butter! Richer in flavour... richer in food value... this deliciously creamy spread is milled FRESH while the peanuts are still hot from the roasting ovens! And it is this quick milling that makes all the difference... that makes SANITARIUM Peanut Butter* so outstandingly good. From all grocers!

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LAY ON MACDUFF!
who hasn't read
How bold Macbeth was slain,
But now he's been so long since dead,
Why take him up again?
Then let him rest, he's out of date,
We'll turn to something newer,
If you've a cold be not too late,
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Nothing to
worry about here
both teeth AND GUMS
are O.K.



S.R. Toothpaste

does much more
than help stop decay—
**IT PROTECTS
YOUR GUMS**

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected, too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and *protect your gums*. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm, healthy gums, use S.R. Toothpaste.



CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

The Practical Thing To Do

Continued from page 9

As a number there was little to distinguish Laughton from every other patient in Raritan Hospital, except that he was a lot sicker than most of them. He wore the same button-down-the-back hospital shirt, submitted to the same routines, and subsisted on a liquid diet.

Looking at Jason Carter Laughton, Third, one saw a very different picture. As president of the Raritan Shoe Factories, he wore clothes tailored by Bond Street; his daily routine included his beloved shoe factory and eating and sleeping.

She could feel Savant's eyes following her as she shifted the scales from the window to the dresser, but she ignored him to smile at 215.

"At least don't like full sun any better than good leather likes water," she explained, then chuckled. "Or an appendix likes castor oil."

The fleeting expression on young Laughton's face was reminiscent of a grin, but Dr. Savant's mouth tightened until his moustache bristled like a new toothbrush. With a ducking motion of his head he indicated that he wanted to talk to Kay in the hall, so she followed him out of the room.

"Miss Prentice, I thought I explained that Mr. Laughton is not to be worried about his business, even reminded of it! That he is not to be aware of the utter seriousness of his illness. Or perhaps you'd forgotten why his appendix ruptured, and that he is president of the Raritan Shoe Factories!"

A long time ago Kay had discovered a way to keep Kent Savant's sarcasm from cowering her. Without any abracadabra the system consisted of learning to spell "conjunctivitis" backwards.

"Then why, in the name of all that is sensible, did you have to drag in both topics the first lucid moment the man has? And those flowers—let 'em alone—let the maids take care of 'em!"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Savant," she purred, and wasn't sorry at all. This argument about her patient's flowers was an old one between them. "The maids just don't take care of them, and I—well, my patients never lose a flower and I never lose a patient!"

Their eyes met briefly, and she paled, remembering.

She did lose a patient occasionally. . . . The Norrie baby . . . Barbara Yacking . . .

She'd seen Kent Savant cry when they'd finally realised that, in spite of all they could do, Barbara Yacking must leave her five small children. He had been furious that she had penetrated his vauntedly impregnable hauteur, but neither his bluster nor his coldness had ever fooled her again.

He shrugged his shoulders wearily, as if his head weighed a ton. So he had been thinking of Barbara, too.

If Kay had not understood so well, her own uncertain temper would have been kindled at his next ironic words.

"Mercy, so modest! And while, too. Still—the next time omit the references to leather and castor oil, if you please, Miss Prentice, when your patient is a shoe man who has ruptured his appendix with a cathartic!"

Having delivered his ultimatum, he stalked down the corridor.

"He's quite a pill, isn't he?" Kay was surprised to hear her patient observe when she had reentered 215. It was the first time he'd roused enough to say anything except beg for his shoes.

"Not really." But Kay smiled approvingly.

His lips moved, and this time he managed a very creditable smile before he dozed off into a restful nap.

Kay was working on her chart when she heard the light tap at the door. Startled by the unexpected-

ness of the assault she splashed ink across the temperature curve when the knock was followed by a very pretty pert face poked through the widening crack of the door. It was the sort of pretty pert face that would ignore the bold black letters of the "No Visitors" sign hung on the door beneath her nose.

Kay rose lithely and before the prettiness was lost in a silky pout the two girls were in the hall.

"He's my fiance," The pout was definitely sulky now. "I should think—"

"Yes, You should—think," Kay interrupted her shortly, pointedly. The girl flushed, not missing Kay's implication.

"He is my fiance," she began, but Kay had heard the same stuff from too many merely hopeful girls to be fooled, and again she interrupted the smooth flow of the other girl's fibbing.

"Then you ought to know that if you want to keep on using the present tense about him, you'd better just leave your petunia at the desk downstairs and come back next week."

She saw that there was one yellowing leaf in the armful of red roses carried by the would-be visitor, but for once she had not the slightest inclination to minister to the flowers.

She recognised Elspeth Neilsinger. Anybody would have. What money the Neilsingers had left was being spent keeping Elspeth's picture very consistently on the society page of the Raritan Journal.

But that wasn't the cause for Kay's instant antagonism. Neither was it the other girl's certainty that she'd be an effectual nurse, for Kay had seen lots of would-be fiancées who had thought that all they would have to do to earn orange blossoms and white satin would be to soothe a fevered brow.

MAYBE it was the way Elspeth stared at her, suspiciously, as if she were trying to discover false eyelashes, or a birthmark.

Kay laughed softly but deliberately, and she said the one thing she knew Elspeth Neilsinger wouldn't forgive.

"Stop being so frightened; you've got a very adequate face yourself!"

Not until she heard the subdued click of Elspeth's high heels against the rubber-tiled floors did she dare draw a deep breath. Kent Savant would never have forgiven a brawl outside a patient's door, no matter what the provocation.

She started working on her chart again, cleaning up as best she could the big blot she had made. The result wasn't too satisfactory, and she sighed. Every case she ever went on, she resolved that this time she would keep a perfect, neat chart. And every chart wound up just such a smear. It wouldn't be fair to blame Elspeth for messing the thing up, this time, really.

She sighed again and went right on blaming Elspeth, though it wasn't like her to be unfair.

"Oh, dear," she felt Laughton's eyes on her and heard his plaintive voice. "I hope that sigh doesn't mean that the scales isn't doing so well, not even since it has been moved to the shade?"

"That sigh," Kay said, "means that just as you get your temperature ready for a nice long run down the ladder I've gone and ruined the design. About scales I'm a whiz, but about charts I'm terrible. Of course, I wouldn't dare to be so frank if nurses weren't just about as scarce as hen's teeth, so you couldn't fire me."

Please turn to page 41

Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



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MY CHOICE AS A
DEODORANT TOILET
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with Protex, the deodorant
Toilet Soap with the clean
bushland fragrance. Protex is
medicated to guard against
offending, and infection.



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TEENA *hilda tony*



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And, because of exclusive "Top-Tone" Shade Control, Three Flowers is unaffected by skin secretions... cannot change colour, streak or cake - frequent re-powdering becomes a thing of the past.

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three flowers
face powder

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NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, SYDNEY.

TF11, 82, 30

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): This week could give you a lift in many ways, although don't expect everything to run smoothly. An element of the unexpected could interfere with some of your plans, especially those surrounding your domestic sphere. Push everything before the week-end.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Your happiest and most prosperous days are July 6 and 9, but some delay or disappointment may mar July 10 and 11. Your feelings could be hurt, or money matters not come up to expectations. However, you seem to be in for a busy time socially, so enjoy your good days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Your ruling planet, Mercury, gets very busy this week, and you may find your mind engaged in new money-making ideas, or on spending to your advantage. Be wary on July 7, 8, 10, and 11, rather tricky and disappointing days.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Some important changes can be expected very soon, which may be accompanied by a little worry or indecision. However, the final outcome will be to your advantage, and you will be wise to use July 5 and 6 in the best possible way.

LEO (July 24 to August 23):

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 8, 1950

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

Continue to move slowly and cautiously this week. Your stars are not quite ready for any decided action, although Friday, July 7, could be an important day. All problems will adjust themselves if you give them time.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A very active week is ahead, especially where your interests are linked with others, either socially or vocationally. You should make good progress on July 5 and 6 and afternoon of July 9, but don't put all your cards on the table.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): If you prize opportunity this week, especially before the week-end, you could make some surprising progress in your personal ambitions, destiny, and upward climb generally. Use care on July 10 and 11.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your best days this week are July 5 and 6 and afternoon of July 9. New ideas, fresh opportunities, writing, study, or plans for travelling denote a very active and busy time for the mind. However, try to rest over the week-end.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): There are several cross aspects in your chart this week, which could hinder and frustrate, but if you avoid impulse, and use your intuitions to the full, you could turn many things to your advantage. Your best days during this week are July 5 and 6.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): July 5 to 7 is your important cycle this week, when many problems pertaining to personal ties and partnership affairs may be pushed to advantage. Don't force issues during the following four days, except perhaps on Sunday afternoon.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): July 5 could inspire you with some new ideas, which if followed up could improve your health, work, and future prospects. Don't let your nervous energy run riot over the week-end.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A rather interesting week is ahead, which rules love, courtships, children, holidays, and speculative affairs. However, make a note of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning as being the least prosperous days in the week.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.



Medi-Chocs, the new milk chocolate laxative, is so delicious to eat you'd never know it contained gentle acting phenolphthalein. This is the laxative for children of all ages. Buy a packet from your chemist to-day.

Medi-Chocs

THE MILK CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Each square contains an exact dose of gentle acting Phenolphthalein.



Sold only by chemists.

1/9 per packet of 10 squares.

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Page 39

★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS
LANTIGEN "C" ★

Thousands of Australians have successfully fought

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS

Lantigen 'C' works through the Bloodstream to

TREAT and PROMOTE IMMUNITY

HERE IS REAL RELIEF. Many thousands of former sufferers from the excruciating pain, nerve racking discomfort and deformities caused by Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis, have gained prompt relief and freedom from pain through a course of Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine.

Lantigen 'C' works through the bloodstream to neutralise the poisonous effects of the germs which cause Rheumatic conditions. Infection is overcome, pain goes and immunity is promoted which may last for years.



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Awful Pain from NEURITIS Relieved. Vic. "My arm was useless, and my hand was heavy and swollen, and I could not dress myself in the morning. The pain went off during the day, but at nights I could not stay in bed for the awful twisting pains. I decided to try LANTIGEN. I really did not expect good results, as I had tried so many treatments. Anyhow, I was glad to say I am all right and have been for two months now. I was laid for months."—E.A.

Severe Pain of RHEUMATISM. Moosman, N.S.W. "I have suffered a great deal from Rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle bones seemed as if they were being ground to powder, and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better."—H.R.

Railwayman Better After SCIATICA. Sawter, N.S.W. "Approximately 12 months ago I wrote to you about Lantigen treatment for Sciatica; at that time I was off duty from the Railway Dept., suffering from these pains and could not possibly carry out my duties. You sent me a chart on foot, and I started the treatment. Right I add, that before this I had been under treatment which cost in the vicinity of £20 for medicine, which did me no good at all. I started your treatment, and before finishing the first bottle I was back at work and have not suffered with this complaint since."—W. O'neil.

Bedridden from FIBROSITIS. East Coburg, Victoria. "I was suffering severely from Fibrositis, in bed for 3 months, quite helpless and in terrible pain all over my body. I have always been a very healthy person, and I thought I was going to be an invalid for the rest of my life. A friend advised me to try Lantigen 'C'; I did, and after the third bottle I began to feel much better, and when the fourth bottle was finished I was able to do anything. I am so very thankful and I cannot praise Lantigen 'C' too highly. At present I am 100 per cent."—(Mrs.) Alice Douglas.

HOW LANTIGEN 'C' WORKS

LANTIGEN 'C' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF
Lantigen 'C' is a Dissolved Oral Vaccine prepared to attack micro-organisms working under medical direction. It is specially designed to counteract the germs and their poisons which are the main causes of Rheumatic Conditions.

WORKS THROUGH THE BLOOD-STREAM
Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the mouth, throat, and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'C' stimulates the production of "antibodies".

IMMUNITY PROMOTED
These antibodies are the system's natural antibodies to the "rheumatic" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, relieve pain, improve general health, immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS
Flexing joint and mobile body are restored, swelling is reduced, your appetite and digestion improve, you sleep through the night without pain—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS
Just take Lantigen 'C' in an ordinary medicine of a little water at bedtime as directed.

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Lantigen 'C' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.

ECONOMICAL
The recommended treatment costs only 12s. 6d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'C' can bring to you.

THESE ARE THE SYMPTOMS . . .






PAIN and **INFLAMMATION** at J.O.S.C.I.A.R. junction of the **PAINTS** at the back of the legs, back, knee, ankle, wrist, shoulders and arms and elbow.

STIFFNESS caused by swelling and inflammation of the sheaths of muscles and nerves.

SWELLING and deformity of joints, sometimes the complete destruction of the cartilage.

HERE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE RHEUMATIC CONDITIONS:



These illustrations, based on actual laboratory micro-photographs show what Rheumatic germs look like: (1) streptococci (polyvalent); (2) staphylococci aureus; (3) Bact. coli.

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THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

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★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS
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No matter how clever you are with your make-up, a discerning eye can usually see blotchy skin and pimples when they try to hide behind cosmetics. There's an easy, inexpensive way to clear your skin so that it becomes fresh and radiant, and this is by taking two or three Yeaston Tablets each day. Pimples, blemishes and other skin blotching disfigurements often can be traced to an unbalanced molten diet and to the lack of Vitamins B1 and B2. Yeaston is a concentrated tablet form of active yeast, and it is recognised as one of the richest known sources of Vitamins B1 and B2.

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MODEL AT 3!



At the age of 3, Eva Pan of South Yarra, Victoria, is a young lady of experience. She has appeared in children's fashion parades in Rome and Sydney, and took part in a documentary film in Prague. Eva speaks both Czechoslovakian and English. Since coming to Australia, Eva has found a new favourite food—Vegetable, which she loves. Vegetables are the delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts! Rich in niacin too, and contains no starch, no wonder Vegetables is so important in kiddies' diets.

VO1A



The Quickest and Safest way to polish Silver

The Practical Thing To Do

Continued from page 38

KAY tried to make her voice excited. But for days he'd raved incoherently about leather soles and rubber heels, so that it was wonderful to have him remembering the azaleas.

He submitted to having his temperature taken, and lay quietly while her cool fingers found the pulse in his wrist. But once the thermometer had been taken from his mouth he wanted to talk, and unfortunately he had exhausted the azalea topic.

"You couldn't get me this morning's quotations on hides?"

"I couldn't."

"Rubber?"

"No rubber, either."

"The headlines . . . labor?"

"No headlines. No labor." She was firm. "But if you are good I'll let you have half a glass of orange juice."

"Orange juice sounds wonderful."

She noticed that he omitted making any promises about not talking about shoes, leather, or labor.

"If you had to describe me, how would you do it?" she demanded, and he grinned, not pretending to misunderstand.

"I'd say you were a size six and a half quad, spectator pump," he said so promptly he must already have had the comparison figured out. "Lovely to look at, and suitable to wear any place."

"Goodness, you do say the thrilling things!" she teased.

"You're a very good nurse. I'm sure the azalea would have died if you hadn't moved it, and not quite so sure but that I'd have done the same thing if you hadn't taken me in hand. But you really don't know anything at all about the plant. Look—his eyes were shining enthusiastically, and he was flushed—"why don't you let me take you through the plant? Just as soon as—"

"Just as soon as you calm down a bit I'd like to talk to your nurse," Dr. Savant said at the doorway.

Kay drew a deep breath. She'd seen Kent Savant angry before. But never before had she seen him so thoroughly furious that he was polite.

Walking out of the room she bade a silent farewell to the azalea plant.

For a minute she considered not stopping in the hall. She'd just keep on walking until some place she found a phone to call the nurses' home. One of the girls would pack her things for her.

As if he guessed her purpose Savant's long stride overtook her. She felt like a second grader being marched to the principal's office for chewing gum. She felt like a student being taken to the dean's office for cheating on a test; or a convict, facing life sentence.

She hated him. What if she hadn't obeyed his instructions to the letter? The patient was getting along beautifully, and that was all that mattered.

Some tiny little spark of honesty reminded her that Jay had looked flushed and his eyes had been bright. Dr. Savant couldn't have been blamed for mistaking the symptoms of enthusiasm for fever.

"Except that he might at least have given me a chance to explain." She countered her own argument, though deep in her heart was the knowledge that as a first-week probationer she'd learned and accepted the fact that in any hospital the doctor is the boss.

"Miss Prentice," he began, in words clipped as short as the moustache over his upper lip, "the only excuse I can find for your insubordination is that you're tired. Certainly you've done nothing right since you've been on this case. Not content with disobeying my instructions, you've gone out of your way to antagonize the friends of your patient."

He avoided her eyes by probing at an old scar on his thumb.

"In fact, it has been brought to

my attention that you've been guilty of the unethical practice of attempting to win the affections of your patient though you'd been told that they were otherwise engaged."

Kay felt the blood receding from her face. It wasn't true. Hearing the words coming from his lips, stilted, as if he had swallowed a dictionary and suffered verbal indigestion, she knew it wasn't true.

She had liked Jay Laughton; she had honestly been interested in his leather and his shoes. And it would have been very practical—those things Kent Savant was saying. But standing there, white-faced, she realised that she couldn't have married Jay. Not ever. She couldn't marry anybody without loving him . . .

In the two months since Kay had been gone from Raritan Hospital she estimated that she must have pinched off several hundred geranium leaves, each time with the same heavy sinking of her heart when she realised anew that there would be no pair of impatient eyes to be watching her above a way grin.

She had received a note from Jay Laughton asking her if she would come to his wedding. He was marrying Patricia Fenwick; his night nurse, though he supposed Kay wouldn't be surprised.

Kay wasn't surprised. Not because she had thought of Jay and mousy little Pat Fenwick falling in love, but because in the place where she'd have felt any emotion was a locked-up corner of her heart, very carefully shut away from surprise or happiness, or love.

HENRIETTA AN-

SON wrote, "Guess whose ex-fiancee has been added to the very lovely scalps dangling from which young surgeon's belt?"

Kay tore the letter into bits and thought, "Henny, you'd make a better tabloid columnist than lab technician," though she knew, honestly, that Henrietta was a very good laboratory gal.

"Who is he? I mean—where is he? I mean—"

Kay looked up, startled, and caught her patient's amused eyes watching her. Mrs. Green, at 80, could afford to be frank, and she hadn't much time, anyway, to finessé for the answers she wanted to know.

"I mean, you've practically stripped that begonia of leaves!"

"Oh," Kay whispered inadequately. "Oh, dear. I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm not so sure I am. Sorry," Mrs. Green chuckled. "You get things patched up with your young man and the next thing I know my doctor will be looking for another nurse for me."

"Your doctor is going to be sending you home in a few days, and you won't be needing a nurse," Kay countered, not without some pride. Mrs. Green's case hadn't been all picking leaves off a begonia plant.

"Well, whether I need you or not, I intend having you go home with me. It'll be good for both of us. I like looking at you, and the work will be easy, sort of a semi-vacation."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Green," Kay was sorry, she'd liked this forthright, honest little person. "But an easy case is the last thing in the world I'm looking for."

Her fingers tested the soil of a plant for moisture.

"Still taking good care of your azaleas?"

Kent Savant poured water from the carafe into a glass and thrust it at her.

"It isn't an azalea," she said ridiculously, automatically. "It's a geranium." As if it mattered, or he cared. She wondered how long he'd been standing there.

She could feel Mrs. Green's bright eyes watching from the bed, and it didn't help a bit to realise that she was putting two and two together to get some silly answer like five or six, which she'd blurt out any minute now.

Kay walked briskly towards the door, trying, not too subtly, to elicit Kent Savant.

"Were you looking for Dr. Lilly? I think he's in the hospital, though he hasn't got to this wing yet. I'll be glad to have the floor nurses find him for you."

His shoulders drooped and he looked tired. His moustache was as pert as ever, but his eyes wore an expression that puzzled her. A small ravelling on his shoulder teased her fingers, and, as usual, he was wearing a dab of lunch on his tie.

Resolutely she drew her thoughts back from the locked corner of her heart. But it was true. She was utterly selfish. She would rather see him just as he was, tired, needing a fresh tie and his clothes brushed, if the alternative meant Elspeth Neil-singer in his life!

Finally convinced that he had no intention of leaving the room, and unable to leave herself, unless she crawled over or under him, she took the glass of water he still held thrust at her, and dumped it quickly on the first plant she noticed. The begonia, which was already so saturated with moisture that this glassful ran out the bottom at once, overflowing the saucer and flooding the dresser and scarf.

Kay grabbed a towel and started mopping the freshest, accepting Kent's handkerchief when the towel became soaked.

She heard her breath coming in wheezing gasps and it sounded worse than a cardiac fight for survival.

"Er—was that one an azalea?"

The top of the dresser had finally been restored to some degree of order.

"That one was a begonia."

Mrs. Green had been quiet longer than could have been expected, now the tartly interspersed her comment between Savant's query and Kay's reply.

"Were you looking for an azalea—or Miss Prentice?"

Kent Savant grinned.

"Both," he answered Mrs. Green, but it was Kay he was watching.

"You see, I've a very sick patient at Raritan Hospital, and I'm prescribing an azalea, to be taken with Miss Prentice."

"I—I'm sorry," Kay's hand smoothed Mrs. Green's covers. "But I'm busy. I'm on a case. I—I'm going home with my patient. I—"

She avoided Mrs. Green's stare. But she couldn't, she just couldn't go back to Raritan Hospital again. Not back to seeing Kent every day, hearing his whistle in the halls while her heart turned to water, waiting for him to say "Good morning."

She couldn't, and she wouldn't. Not if it meant scrubbing floors! She drew a deep breath.

"You'll wear that coverlet out," Mrs. Green advised her tartly, then to Savant impatiently. "Young man, if your words were as honest as your eyes she'd know that the reason you want her back at Raritan Hospital has nothing to do with either patients or azaleas."

"Would you?" Kent asked Kay, with the same impatience he showed when a nurse was slow in understanding his orders.

"I think—I might—"

The words were whispered breathlessly against the jewel of his coat. He smelled faintly of ether, and over his shoulder she could glimpse Mrs. Green's fatuous smile.

She raised her lips.

Having fallen in love with Kent Savant, the practical thing to do was to marry the man.

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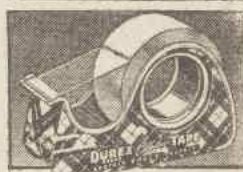
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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

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AFTER EVERY HOUSEHOLD JOB

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IN YOUR BATHROOM
IN YOUR KITCHEN

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

BB-120A

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

THE dress with an all-round pleated skirt featuring two colors, one veiling the other, is fashion news, so I have had one sketched for a reader's evening frock.

Veiled color

"I AM rather out of the way of wearing evening dress, but now the occasion has arisen when I must do so. I would like your advice about a design. I do not want a bare-shouldered frock or anything extreme, but on the other hand I certainly don't want to look old-fashioned. I do my own sewing, so perhaps you could sketch a frock for me to copy."

My suggestion for your dress is taffeta and chiffon, taffeta for a fitted bodice, low cut but not too bare, plus an all-round pleated chiffon skirt. Have the bodice cloud-grey and the skirt in two shades of chiffon—grey matched to the bodice over a rose-pink. Have the slip of the dress grey taffeta. I have illustrated the design, and hope you will like it well enough to copy.

For dancing

"AS your Dress Sense appeals very much to me, I'm writing for your advice about evening wear. Would you tell me, please, which design would be correct to wear to a dance, one with a floor-length skirt or one of the new designs with a shorter one?"

Actually, either one would be correct, depending to some extent on the formality of the occasion. For a really formal ball, I consider there is nothing more flattering and graceful than a floor-length skirt and décolleté bodice, and every dress collection includes such models. However, the dress with a skirt six to eight inches up from the floor, plus a bare top, is to-day considered the equivalent to a man's dinner-jacket and is worn for any occasion when your escort wears this type of suit.

Right accessories

"WOULD you please help with a little problem about accessories? I have a grey tailored wool dress with which I want to wear a small brown fur. My problem is correct color for other accessories to complete my outfit."

If you wear a brown felt cloche, brown call shoes and bag, plus your fur scarf, your accessories will be new and in excellent taste.

Between-seasons coat

"YOUR advice on a design for my wedding gown was ideal, and now I am writing for advice about a between-seasons coat or topper. I would like the newest about colors too."

One of the newest silhouettes for a "topper" is a knuckle-length coat

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



A SIMPLE and effective evening frock with a fitting top and all-round pleated skirt.

slightly tapered and finished with a deep shawl collar. Another is a jacket designed on boxy lines with a low-belted back. An all-round belted shirt-like silhouette is yet another. There are, too, quite a number of spring coats loose in cut but with straighter lines than the tent-like silhouette worn for several seasons. Apricot and red are very popular if you want a bright color—if not, my suggestion is navy or beige.

New hat styles

"JULY is rather early to think of spring millinery, but I am starting to plan spring clothes because I am moving to another State, and want to buy my clothes in Sydney before leaving. My problem is hats. Would you please give me some idea what will be worn?"

I think you are wise to start planning, or anyway, at least, thinking about spring clothes. For casual town wear, white will be one of the top colors for spring hats. Small head-hugging straw shapes include the pill-box and cloche. The sailor is also popular. Simple trims such as touches of bright color interpreted by ribbon banding or veiling will be usual. For dressier occasions, floral hats are returning to vogue. In this category white is again a favorite. Popular design for the all-flower model is a small helmet or cap often made of white flowers with yellow centres.

Spring bride

"WHEN I am married in the spring I would like to wear white with touches of a pastel shade. My gown is formal, and I am not sure if the idea would be correct fashion."

Yes, perfectly correct. From New York comes news of white bridal gowns touched with color. For instance, organdie or net is worn over a pastel slip and accented with a matching colored sash. Or the touch of color could be just a sash, or a delicate tracing of pastel embroidery. Popular combinations are white over blue, pink, blue, or yellow.

K.P.M.

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MUSTARD

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It makes
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every meal

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely

PRINCESS NARDA: Visit the capital of Flora, land of plant wonders, which is at war with the State of Mechana. They meet

DR. FLOREL: Beautiful woman ruler of Flora, who greets Man-

drake with a kiss. While Narda has a perfumed bath, Mandrake tells Dr. Florel that they will visit Mechana. "You're spies!" shouts Dr. Florel, sending for guards with poison spears. Mandrake overpowers them with his magic. **NOW READ ON:**



"AT LAST, A MAN WORTHY OF ME," SAYS DR. FLOREL. "I KNEW IT WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM. WOULD THE COUNCIL OBJECT IF I TOOK HIM AS KING-CONSORT?" --HE HAD OTHER INTERESTS, IT SEEMS.



"I HAD TO LET DR. FLOREL KISS ME JUST TO BE POLITE," EXPLAINS MANDRAKE TO THE POUTING NARDA. "I CAN'T WAIT TO LEAVE HERE." --WATCHING THEM, FLOREL SAYS, "I THINK WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIS OTHER INTERESTS."



"DOCTOR FLOREL WANTS YOU TO SEE THE REST OF HER GARDEN," SAYS THE GUIDE, TAKING NARDA'S ARM. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO--" SAYS NARDA. "YOU'D BETTER, IT SOUNDS LIKE A COMMAND. WE WANT TO REMAIN FRIENDLY WITH THESE PEOPLE," SAYS MANDRAKE, WORRIEDLY.



"AH, ADMIRING MY GARDEN?" SAYS FLOREL SWEETLY. "THIS FLOWER IS A SPECIAL DEVELOPMENT OF MINE. COME, SMELL ITS PERFUME." --CAREFUL, MANDRAKE. THIS IS A PECULIAR PLANT--AND A MOST PECULIAR PERFUME!



"ISN'T THAT A LOVELY SCENT?" ASKS DOCTOR FLOREL, RULER OF FLORA. "MOST UNUSUAL," SAYS MANDRAKE. THEN AFTER A MOMENT, HE LOOKS AT HER IN BEWILDERMENT. "I'M SORRY--BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER YOUR NAME."



"I'M FLOREL, DEAR, YOUR FIANCEE. WE'RE TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW," SHE REPLIES, AVOIDING THE SCENT OF THE STRANGE BLOSSOM, AS SHE PINS ONE ON HIS LAPEL. "HOW STUPID OF ME TO FORGET," SAYS MANDRAKE, DAZED.



MEANWHILE, AN UNWILLING NARDA IS BEING SHOWN THE ROYAL GARDEN. "ONE OF DR. FLOREL'S LATEST--AN EVER-CHANGING FLOWER BUSH. NEW BLOSSOMS APPEAR CONSTANTLY, AND YOU CAN'T BE SURE WHAT COLOR OR SHAPE THEY WILL BE. MOST EXCITING TO WATCH," SAYS THE GUIDE, AS NEW BLOSSOMS APPEAR RAPIDLY LIKE POPCORN.



"I WANT TO GO BACK TO MANDRAKE," SAYS NARDA. "THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME THE--" SHE STOPS SUDDENLY--THERE IS MANDRAKE KISSING FLOREL!



TO BE CONTINUED

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HAIR"



Replace those natural oils which sun, wind and water dry from your scalp . . .

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle if you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry, scaly and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed, attractive and protected all day. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.

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HT 7



**STOMACH
SOURD**
by painful acid

The mere thought of indigestion to follow can spoil a meal. But you can ensure freedom from heartburn, flatulence and other painful symptoms by sucking 2 Rennie's after meals. These pleasant-tasting tablets neutralise the excess acid that causes the trouble, thus restoring normal digestion. Rennie's banish the pain in seconds!



1/3 and 4/-.

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—individually wrapped—easy to carry

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**Ankles Swollen, Backache
Nervous, Kidneys Strained?**

If you're feeling out of sorts, have broken heart, or suffer from Rheumatism, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Stomach Aches or loss of energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause. Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Scientific Way

It has been discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clear out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically pre-

pared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of clinical reports prove this. And famous authorities write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back
Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way at your inner back if you return the empty package. Act now!

This is a
GUARANTEED
Treatment

Cystex

for Your Kidneys, Stomach, Rheumatism

That clear, smooth PEARS skin..

Great-grandma
had it...



Babies
have it...

YOU can have it too!

The simplest beauty routine in the world — just water and mild, pure Pears — will give you that clear, smooth Pears skin. No wonder Pears soap is a tradition with beautiful ladies — like Mrs. Bruce Stewart (the former Dawn Dixon) of Roseville, N.S.W., pictured here on her wedding day. From the moment you breathe the gentle fragrance of fine ingredients patiently matured, you know that Pears is different from all other soaps.



Pears

From clear, pure Pears Soap... a clear, smooth Pears skin.



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DIRECTOR WILLIAM DIETERLE pours out some Italian wine for Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten in a restaurant in Rome during their visit to make scenes for their Paramount film, "September Affair."

Clown role for Chaplin

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

A FILM story about a circus clown who loses his ability to make people laugh will mark the return of Charlie Chaplin to the great tradition of his earlier masterpieces.

The grey-haired comic of the silent era will put his new picture, "Footlights," before the cameras in autumn, according to his son, Sidney, who currently is starring in a small play at Hollywood's Circle Theatre, "School for Scandal," with Marie Wilson and Australian actor John O'Malley.

"My father has been dictating the story to his secretary for four days each week," Sidney told me. "The rest of his time he spends preparing material for dictation, but of late he's been slowing up. That's a sure sign his story is nearing completion."

"Footlights" probably will have Sidney Chaplin in one of the important supporting roles, but otherwise no other players have been mentioned for the cast. Neither has Chaplin indicated where he intends to shoot the picture. His own studios are dilapidated and utterly inadequate.

THE movietown gossips are talking once more over the tables at Romanoff's and The Brown Derby

about Jane Wyman, recently named the nation's "Number One Bachelorette," and her former husband, Ronald Reagan. They were back together again for a special premiere showing of Reagan's latest picture, "Louisa," but few of their intimates take seriously the romantic rumors that sprang anew from this meeting. Reagan's mother was a third party on the date. Elsewhere in the romantic world, however, Joan Fontaine's ex-husband, producer William Dozier, was making tracks. He was back in circulation with pretty starlet Nancy Guild on a rash of dinner and dancing dates for a few days, but then was seen alone. The reason: Nancy's heart belongs to a producer in New York, she says.

ENGLISH ACTRESS Phyllis Calvert, who plays the role of a nun in "Appointment With Danger" with Alan Ladd, pauses, before stepping into her car, to sign an autograph for a Chicago fan.



BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Keyes is the latest drifting star to be pulled ashore by Universal Studio and added to its fast-building star stable. Red-headed Evelyn, the former wife of director John Huston, signed her name to a contract to make nine pictures at the movie plant in the San Fernando Valley over a period of seven years. The first of them is "Smuggler's Island," a modern drama laid on a remote island in the Caribbean. Jeff Chandler is the hero, and Edward Ludwig the director.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Raven

THIS is an interesting, French-language psychological mystery drama based on poison-pen trials in Tulle some years ago.

It shows the insidious effect of a series of anonymous letters, signed "Le Corbeau" (The Raven), upon the inhabitants of a French village.

Aloof Dr. Germain, of the local hospital, is the centre of the attack. The first letter, accusing him of an affair with Laura, wife of the head surgeon, is the forerunner of numerous accusations, which implicate many villagers and throw everyone into turmoil.

Distinguished Gallic star Pierre Fresnay is serious and convincing as the victimised medico, who recognises the letters as the manifestation of mental illness.

His performance is almost overshadowed by Pierre Larquay's rich character study of Dr. Vozet, elderly husband of lovely Laura (Micheline Franczy), who is strongly attracted to Germain.

Genette Leclerc plays blousy Denise, the other woman in the case, with plenty of earthy emotion.

Backgrounds of village and countryside have their own charm and are cleverly used to add to the tension. English sub-titles are used throughout.

In Sydney—the Variety.

★ Buccaneer's Girl

IF you have a liking for light-hearted piratical goings-on you will find this technicolor fable about a Robin Hood of the Mexican Gulf, who puts paid to the career of villainous ship-owners, quite to your taste.

In it Yvonne de Carlo enacts an adventurous miss who stows away on a vessel bound for New Orleans, is captured by, and then escapes from, the pirate Baptiste, becomes an entertainer sought after by the town's eligible young men, but winds up happily in the prow of the pirate ship with the dashing captain.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

Philip Friend's smooth English accent strikes a somewhat incongruous note, but he handsomely fills the dual role of pirate chief and socially sought after Captain Kingston, who maintains a fund for assisting hard-up seamen from loot taken from unscrupulous owners.

Spirited Miss de Carlo, who is a splendid technicolor subject, sings adequately, and joins in whatever is doing with plenty of vim, while Elsa Lanchester bounces through the sets in great good humor as Madame Briser, who operates the finishing school for young ladies to end all such establishments.

Robert Douglas and Andrea King are male and feminine heavies, Norman Lloyd a despicable henchman, and Jay C. Flippen, Henry Daniell, and Douglas Dumbrille have lesser assignments.

In Sydney—the State.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 8, 1950

**Trio of popular stars
provide romance in
comedy, drama, and
action films**



● **YVONNE DE CARLO** (Universal-International), above, who plays a gold-digger from Broadway who hits the big money in "The Gal Who Took the West," a period technicolor comedy-cum-western, in which she stars with Scott Brady and John Russell.



● **MONA FREEMAN** (Paramount), above, has an interesting part in the technicolor western "Copper Canyon," with Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr, and Macdonald Carey. In this outdoor saga, westerners clash robustly over copper mining instead of cattle, to the accompaniment of gun-play and hard riding around the mesa country in defence of an ill-used minority.

● **ELLA RAINES** (R.K.O.), right, who plays the woman in the case in "A Dangerous Profession," in which she is teamed with George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Bill Williams. The latter has the part of the weak young playboy whom she marries. Raft is a friend in need when theft and murder occur, and O'Brien an unwilling partner who turns out trumps in the finale.



Which Twin has the Toni

—and which has the expensive perm
(see answer below)



Toni gives your hair a natural looking perm

Toni coaxes your hair into soft, smooth waves and deep curls that look *natural* from the first day. Yes, a Toni is as lovely and lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm — yet you can do it with ease and comfort at home. More than 25 million American women have proved that Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm — even grey, dyed or baby-fine hair.

Simple directions in every Toni Kit show you how to give yourself a perfect Toni. It's easy as rolling your hair on curlers. Toni saves time! Average waving time is only 1½ hours. While your wave is "taking" you are free to do as you please.

Your second Toni costs only 10/- because the plastic curlers can be used again and again. All you need is the Toni Refill.

Which Twin has the Toni? Pictured above are Moyna and Norma Spike, of Maroubra, N.S.W. Moyna, the twin on the left has the Toni! No one can tell the difference between her Toni and Norma's expensive salon perm.



Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

Expert advice!

If you have any waving or culture problems, write to Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence St., Sydney.

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1 WOUNDED American fugitive Lin Vanner (Lew Ayres) is kindly treated at home of Mexican Father Gomez (Victor Jory). He tells priest why he is hunted.



2 REPORTING payroll hold-up a year before to office of oil organisation, company executive Earl Mahoney (Barry Kelley) claimed strange American was responsible for crime and shooting of guard.

DRAMA OF MEXICO



3 CAPTURE of Sam Tevlin (Edwin Rand), oil rigger who answers outlaw's description, ends chase by posse in which Vanner takes part.

THE CAPTURE

PRODUCED by Niven Busch and directed by John Sturges, R.K.O.'s "The Capture" is a powerful drama of romance and retribution in a Mexican setting.

Depicting a desperate chase that is actually the plot's finale, Lew Ayres, wanted on a charge of murder, is fleeing the Mexican police. A series of flashbacks is used to show events leading up to the shooting.

One of the interesting highlights of the film is the music. Varying the usual background scoring, haunting incidental native music is heard on this occasion with each appearance of a blind guitar player.

Duncan Renaldo, William Bakewell, Jacqueline White, Milton Parsons, and Felipe Turich are others in the cast.



4 DEATH from bullet wound ends Sam's protestations of innocence. Inquest clears Vanner, but conscience bothers him.



5 HIRED as foreman by Ellen Tevlin (Teresa Wright) when he visits her, Vanner hides identity, but she discovers truth. Her small son Mike (Jimmy Hunt) takes a strong liking to the newcomer.



6 MARRIAGE of pair is celebrated later on. Feeling that Sam's guilt or innocence should be proved, Vanner sets out immediately to investigate, with Ellen's encouragement.



7 INQUIRY convinces Vanner that Mahoney engineered whole affair. He offers Mahoney freedom for confession clearing Sam, but in struggle Mahoney is shot and Vanner runs for it.



8 SURRENDER to police ends his story. Backed by Father Gomez and reassured by Ellen, Vanner leaves for prison convinced that courts will vindicate him and happier days are ahead.



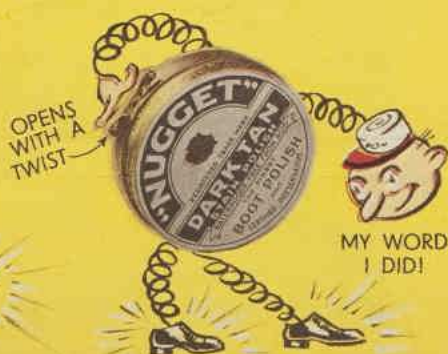
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I DID!



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- small, large, & extra large -
have handy lever openers

NUGGET Shoe Polish

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-the friendly way"

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FOR RESERVATIONS. THERE'S A
DEPARTURE TIME TO SUIT YOU!

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Backache better?



Yes, I'm a changed woman!

Yes! Her backache's better because her kidneys are better. And her kidneys are better because she has taken a medicine specially made to restore tired kidneys to healthy activity—De Witt's Pills.

It is when the kidneys become slack and sluggish that trouble follows. Impurities that should have been banished from the body are allowed to remain. These circulate and settle in the system to set up all sorts of distressing symptoms. So get those kidneys right again—and use the right medicine for the purpose.

The world-famous De Witt's Pills are made specially to restore weak and sluggish kidneys to their full vigour. Swiftly they work—cleansing, stimulating and retoning these vital organs until, in a surprisingly short space of time, new health and vigour return. Our files are full of glowing testimony to the powers of this tried and trusted family medicine.

Start a course of De Witt's Pills for your trouble. For economy's sake, buy the 5/9 size which contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Jean Kent plays five women in newest film

Jean Kent is up to her chin in work on a new starring role which is dazzling in its possibilities. She plays five women in one. She says it's the best part she has ever been offered.

By cable from **BILL STRUTTON**
in London

THIS is quite a statement from a girl now right at the top in British films, particularly remembering her resounding success in the British technicolor musical "The Gay Lady," of which I have not yet heard a bad word.

This Edwardian romp is now scooping in the dollars, the pesos, the kroner, the rupees, and other desirable currencies for Britain all over the world.

Australia's John McCallum is co-starring with Jean in "The Woman in Question." The idea behind the story is new in films, which also is quite a statement. It could scarcely be written as a novel, is impossible as a play; it is a filmic idea, and it opens up immense scope for the talents of its central figure.

The larger number of to-day's topline stars could look back on their varied careers and be unable to name a vehicle in which their acting ability was explored to such extent.

The film will open with the discovery of the strangled body of a seaside fortune-teller — Jean Kent. She is "Madame Astra."

Police question all who knew her. Her life comes up before them as each witness tells what he knows. The idea is based on the truism that no two people see another person in the same way. The fortune-teller is seen by her neighbor as a well-spoken and talented lady, but by her sister as a vulgar slut.

A sailor—John McCallum—sees her as his girl. A pet store keeper sees her as his ideal woman. The audience will see the central character through the eyes of five different people. And not only that—each of the five different characters will vary, according to whose story is being told.

This seems a highly promising idea. It is also making for fine confusion at Pinewood Studios.

Jean Kent, for example, has five different changes of make-up. So

have each of the five main characters—John McCallum, Susan Shaw, Hermione Raddeley, Dirk Bogarde, and Charles Victor—through whose eyes the story is told.

The make-up man has a mammoth, hair-tearing job.

The continuity girl's job is a nightmare.

Jean laughed as she told me, "People have said 'good morning' to me three times in one day as I passed them in the corridors at Pinewood, each time with a slightly different make-up."

"Even Anthony Asquith, the director, was caught off balance on occasions. Once he turned to me suddenly, looked puzzled and said, 'Who are you? . . . what? . . . where do you fit in this scene? . . . Oh, JEAN!'"

"I had the script a month before we actually started filming. That was a month of hard study. From day to day I have to be very much on the ball, to be sure I am getting the shading of my character for each scene exactly right."

"It's an ordeal but it's terribly exciting for an actress."

"While I am filming I am staying at a little hotel not far from Pinewood, and only go home to the farm at week-ends."

Jean's farm was a wilderness when she and her husband, Yusef Ramart, first drove into it. The house was dilapidated; doors hung wearily on their hinges and the paint was peeling everywhere. Grass grew knee-high in the drive.



JEAN KENT'S Sussex farm grows flowers as well as fruit and vegetables. The farm is looking a picture just now, and so is Jean, seen here with an armful of daffodils just ready for market.

Yusef, a muscular, handsome fellow, with a huge fund of energy, scythed the grass. He and Jean painted the house themselves, inside and out. They combed the antique shops, haunted furniture stores, and rallied to country auctions, building their furniture scheme bit by bit.

It took a long time. And now — thus ironically does it happen in films—Jean is too busy working in film after film to enjoy completely what success has brought her.

There is no better recommendation for an actress in Britain to-day than to say merely that she is currently working on a film. For though there are signs that things are improving now, films have been through a lull.

Through it all Jean Kent has been working continuously. In fact she has been refusing parts, some of them promising, because another director got in earlier.

She is lively and determined and a demon for hard work, as most people born into the theatre are. Her mother and father were both in show business.

Jean was a chorine at the famous Windmill Theatre, whose proudest boast is stretched in yellow hoardings right across the theatre's facade.

"WE NEVER CLOSED," it proclaims.

The Windmill played right on while bombs cleared many other West End theatres.

But the Windmill fired Jean Kent. Vivian Van Damm, the proprietor, usually a shrewd judge of talent, persevered long and patiently with her, and finally showed her to the stage door. He said, with gentle despair, "We're both wasting our time. I just can't see any promise in you."

That's how crowded it was on the way up.

It was the greatest challenge she ever had. Jean might have given in then. Instead, she said to Van Damm, with considerable spirit, "I'll show you!"

She did, but it took years. Years of hoofing it in provincial revue, of badgering managers, fast-talking agents, warbling songs, taking on any part she could get in show business. Then, tiny bit parts in films.

Finally, a small speaking part. She clicked. She has been a critics' favorite ever since.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON down on the farm Jean Kent likes nothing better than to sit round the fire roasting hot chestnuts, while her husband, Yusef Ramart, reads to her.



376

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 376—LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTDRESS.
Warm nightdress in floral white-on-white on grounds of cream, pale pink, pale green, and pale blue cut-out ready to make. Size: Length 20in., 2 yrs., price 9/11, postage 1/-; Length 21in., 3 yrs., price 10/1, postage 1/1; Length 22in., 4 yrs., price 12/6, postage 1/3; Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., price 14/6, postage 1/3; Length 24in., 7-8 yrs., price 16/9, postage 1/6.

No. 377—LITTLE GIRL'S PETTICOAT AND PANTS.
Little petticoat and pants cut out ready to make in rayon, crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue. Also in good British flannel, in white only. Lace to finish not supplied. Flannel petticoat and pants blue. Length 18in., 2 yrs., price 2/6, postage 8/4d; Length 19in., 3-4 yrs., price 3/11, postage 7/4d; Length 20in., 5-6 yrs., price 4/6, postage 8/4d; Length 21in., 7-8 yrs., price 4/9, postage 8/4d; Length 22in., 9-10 yrs., price 5/11, postage 8/4d; Length 23in., 11-12 yrs., price 6/11, postage 8/4d; Length 24in., 13-14 yrs., price 7/9, postage 8/4d; Length 25in., 15-16 yrs., price 8/3, postage 1/2; Length 26in., 17-18 yrs., price 9/6, postage 1/2.

No. 378—FREDERICK.
Traced ready to embroider and make up on a good British cotton tea-towel with a pastel edge. They measure 18in. x 11in. The bias binding to finish around sides and neck is not supplied. Price 9d. each, three for 2/-; Postage 3/4d.

No. 379—LUNCHEON SET.
A delightful design, traced ready to embroider on a heavy Irish linen in cream, sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green in pastel shades, also a good fine British cotton in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The entire set measures 11in. x 11in. The plate mats 11in. x 11in. Cup and saucer mats 6in. x 5in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set complete, 1 centre, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup and saucer mats, linen 14/11; cotton 8/11. Thirteen-piece set complete, 1 centre, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup and saucer mats, linen 17/6; cotton 11/3; postage 1/9. Serviettes to match, linen 1/3 each, cotton 9d. each, postage 3/4d.

No. 380—THROWOVER.
Traced ready to embroider on floral organdie, with grounds of white, pastel blue, pink, and green. It measures 36in. x 36in. Finish with a narrow lace edge. (Lace is not supplied.) Price 7/11; postage 10/4d.

* NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 376, 377, 378, and 380, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

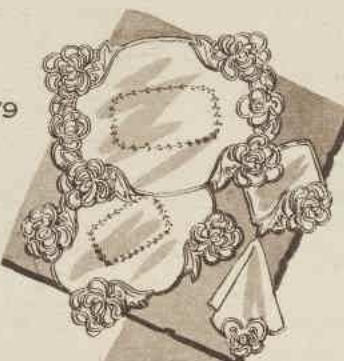
"Charlotte"

"Lucy"



* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.

379



380



• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 59.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"LUCY."—A pretty housegown styled with button-up front fastening and full, graceful skirt. The material is a printed cotton seersucker. Colors include turquoise, sage-blue, red, and rose, all printed on a white ground. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/3. Postage 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

"CHARLOTTE."—A smart one-piece featuring a moulded bodice, peaked collar and cuffs, and pretty skirt. The material is a fine wool crepe obtainable in donkey-brown, nigger-brown, aqua, junior navy, and navy. The design is also available in Ribba satin crepe in natural beige, sage-blue, nigger-brown, navy, and black. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 95/3. Postage 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 74/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 78/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

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the loveliest thing about you



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TO MATCH YOUR FAVOURITE PERFUME

Goya goes gay—gives you a perfumed cologne to wear with each of his famous fragrances, makes it shower-cool, elusive . . . Use it lavishly, in your bath and afterwards, as a refreshing body rub or friction, to sprinkle on your handkerchief to whisper sweet things about you. Gardenia, Decision, Vibration, Goya Heather, "No. 5," Great Expectations. Perfume Gift Size £5.5.0. Handbag Phial 3/9. Matching Cologne (one ounce) 4/3.

Made in England by
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The Natural laxative that children love . . .

However sweet a child's disposition may be, he or she will occasionally become fretful. That is only natural, but such a condition is quickly set right by California Syrup of Figs. This gentle, efficient, safe laxative, made from the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna, contains no synthetic cathartics or harsh chemicals. Because it is purely vegetable and naturally nice, children make no fuss about taking delicious California Syrup of Figs.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS (CALIFIG)

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

Glamour begins with Crest



say the
Lester Sisters

Often in the spotlight, these 3 lovely singing stars are always in harmony about Crest...

"I never imagined a perm could look so natural", says Nola. "So soft and so easy to manage", says Olive. "And so easy to do", says Betty. "We're Crest girls permanently now!"

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE SOFT, NATURAL-LOOKING WAVES WITH CREST!

Your Crest Home-Permanent looks enchanting from the very first day... no frizz, no delay in "settling down", just deep, soft, natural-looking waves and curls. And there's no special skill required for a Crest—it's as easy as rolling your hair up in curlers!

DOUBLE ECONOMY — THE CREST PAIR-PLAN

Why not get together with a friend — help each other, share the cost? Just buy 1 Full Kit and 1 Refill. You'll each get your first Crest Wave for only 13/9 and subsequent waves will only cost 10/-.

If there is anything you would like to know about waving your hair write to: Anne Travers, Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 3538, G.P.O., Sydney.

Crest the latest... and greatest
HOME PERMANENT WAVE



On sale at all chemists and leading departmental stores



GOOD CITIZEN. Plans are under way for a Giant Jamboree in 1952-53. Fifteen thousand Scouts, representing 20 nations, will participate. For them the Jamboree will be no mere adventure—but the beginning of lasting friendships, good citizenship, and the promotion of better understanding of other nations.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your first taste proves the quality of Mac, Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavour of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the Extra Cream. Ask for "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block. Made by Mac, Robertson, the Great Name in Confectionery.

EO6

8 bottles of
COUGH REMEDY
for COST of ONE with
HEENZO

To save money by making ONE PINT (the equal of 8 bottles) of the best cough, cold and sore throat remedies, add a 2/- bottle of HEENZO to sweetened water. Adults and children like the instant relief and nice to take

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY



THE THROAT, at any age, needs special attention to keep the skin smooth, the contours round and graceful. Here we discuss some daily drill that will give good results.

CHINLINE BEAUTY

KEEP your chin up . . . it's the best way to avoid having two. In other words, the good ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure when it comes to keeping the profile young-looking.

The best insurance for throat loveliness is habit—the habit of walking, standing, and sitting with the head held high, as well as the one of keeping the throat and underchin in top-notch shape by daily massage with heavy skin cream.

And just to be triply sure, add a few simple, done-in-a-jiffy exercises as an ironer-out of muscular laziness.

The Cheshire cat grin is an amusing one, but don't let the family catch you at it. The exercise is done by clenching the teeth, pulling your mouth into a catlike grin, and stretching the mouth corners upward until it hurts.

Another sure-fire chin-strapper you can do both night and morning will make you look like a fish out of water. But it's very effective.

Opening the mouth very wide, allow the lower jaw to drop, then exert all the pull you can muster on underchin muscles as you slowly close the mouth. Repeat two dozen times.

Those who are throat-conscious begin avoiding double-trouble under the chinline while they are still in their twenties, and the throat is slim, round, and without a line to mar its smoothness.

At this stage massage several times a week with two coatings of cleansing cream, smoothed in with an upward and outward movement, then removed with tissue and washed with warm water and a good, mild soap will do the trick.

You can give the neck a more vigorous workout than the face. Spend a few minutes, too, in briskly slapping the underchin for good measure. Slapping is better than massage if you are not quite certain about correct massage technique, for it won't stretch the skin.

At 35 or 40 birthdays a certain amount of damage may already exist.

Neck wrinkles sometimes come very gradually, so that it takes a keen eye to detect their infiltration. On the other hand, crepiness may appear suddenly.

In either event, the sooner both are checked, the better.

Now of major importance in daily care of the neck is the use of a heavy emollient at night, plus five minutes exercising.

It is not necessary to keep cream on all night. Skin takes up as much as it will in fifteen to twenty minutes, and the surplus may be patted off.

Morning treatment should be with cleansing cream and tissue. Cotton-wool soaked in skin freshener can then be slicked over the surfaces to remove traces of cream and to tone up the skin.

All this may sound like a big bite out of your time, but the person who follows the plan from the age of 25 onwards need have no fear of sagging neck muscles or tell-tale crepe-rubber skin.

For the too-slender neck the daily five-minute exercise of thrusting the skin far forward and stretching the corner of the mouth to exercise tendons and muscles is recommended.

Next draw the chin in and way back, repeating the movements over and over again to fill out hollows.

To encourage chinline beauty where line and condition have deteriorated, here is a specific treatment:

- (1) Cleanse face and throat, afterwards pat briskly with a pad saturated in skin freshener.
- (2) Smooth one teaspoonful of olive oil on the throat. Cupping hands, start at chest level and stroke from the collarbone to the chin with outward, rotary movements, alternating hands.
- (3) For the back of the neck, place hands on the shoulder muscles at the back of the neck—right hand on right shoulder, left hand on left muscle—and with the same movement work up the spine to well behind the ears.
- (4) Massage for three minutes, then cover the oiled area with a thin layer of cottonwool, and leave it on for at least twenty minutes before removing residue.

By **CAROLYN EARLE**,
Our Beauty Expert



They keep
their shape
..and yours



These are the brassieres to give you the proud young uplift line—definite separation—and amazing comfort. Best of all, Merica HI-LINE never loses its shape—wash and wear it as you may. There is a Merica HI-LINE for every figure. Each size is made in three different cup fittings.

MERICA LONGLINE

Moulds you smoothly right to the waist—gives graceful emphasis to the Merica uplift-line. Full range of sizes and cup-fittings at all good stores.

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Here's firm control for off-the-shoulder fashions. It stays "up"—keeps its shape. In peach or white satin and lace.



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Kraft Cheese is rich in high-quality proteins, vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus.

Saves you money too—no rind, no waste.



"It melts, shreds, slices, toasts and cooks so perfectly; that's why
GOOD COOKS CHOOSE KRAFT CHEESE",



says **ELIZABETH COOKE**,
famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition expert.

Don't miss the good eating Kraft Cheese offers. There are dozens of nourishing cooked dishes made with Kraft Cheese. They're nourishing because Kraft Cheese is eleven times richer in calcium than cream, has more protein than meat, and it's rich in phosphorus and vitamins too. What's more, the thrilling cheddar flavour of Kraft Cheese is always the same no matter *how* you cook it—never bitter, always smooth and so appetising.

Say **KRAFT CHEESE**
it tastes better because it's BLENDED BETTER

KRAFT CHEDDAR CREME

1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 4 ozs. grated Kraft Cheese, 1 tablespoon each of chopped celery, chopped onion and diced carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup chicken stock or water.

Melt half the butter, add flour and blend smoothly. Stir while gradually adding milk. Bring to boil and remove from heat. Melt remaining butter in another pan. Add celery, onion and carrot. Cook gently until lightly browned. Add stock. Combine the two mixtures, reheat and add parsley. Serves four.



Kraft Cheese
 is tops in
 cut lunches
 too!



*Sold everywhere in the
 8 oz. carton or the economical
 5 lb. loaf.*

Bring out the best in meat with Kraft Prepared Mustard.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 8, 1950

Pressure Cooking

● This method of cooking is particularly suitable for the less tender cuts of meat, for vegetables, soups, steamed puddings.

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

MADE from durable, heavy-gauge aluminium, pressure-pans are simple to use, easy to clean, and can be employed to cut time spent in the kitchen from hours to minutes.

HOW PRESSURE - PANS WORK

Water heats to boiling point, then changes to steam. Steam is locked in and pressure thus created raises temperature above boiling point. As water heats, air is forced out of cooker. It is important to let all air escape or temperature inside cooker will not be accurate and cooking will take a longer time.

Since cooking is done by steam under pressure it is wise to keep one eye on the clock and follow the manufacturer's directions carefully if best results are to be obtained.

PRESSURE COOKERS DO THESE THINGS

Save time, fuel, and, therefore, money.

Use only a small quantity of water, thus preserving nutritive qualities, flavor, and color of food.

Cook cheaper cuts of meat to a moist, delicious tenderness.

Keep food hot for latecomers provided lid is not removed until serving time.

VEGETABLES

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; more or less salt may be used according to taste. Prepare by scraping, peeling, shelling, etc., as for ordinary methods of cooking. Root vegetables are best divided into small pieces so that they cook more evenly; if left too large the tendency is for the outside to become overcooked before the centre is done.

It is possible to cook two, three, or more vegetables at the same time provided you choose vegetables that take approximately the same time to cook.

Times given are average times. Individual taste, age and quality of vegetables, and practice will soon determine for you the most successful cooking time. Cooking time is counted from time pressure is reached.

It is important to remember that it is easy to overcook; one minute too long can make a vast difference to the texture of the cooked vegetable.

These take approximately two minutes: Shredded cabbage, cauliflower flowerets, peas, spinach leaves (white stalks removed).

These take approximately three minutes: Broad beans, French beans (sliced or cut into 1 in. lengths), Brussels sprouts, celery cut in 2 in. lengths, thickly sliced onion, sliced marrow.

These take approximately four minutes: Quartered cabbage (medium size), small whole cauliflower, parsnips cut in four lengthwise, potato slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick for mashing, pumpkin pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, whole baby squash, swedes cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices.

These take approximately five minutes: Whole French beans, whole baby carrots, carrots sliced in $\frac{1}{2}$ lengthwise, quartered chokos, potato slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick.

These take from six to ten minutes or more: Medium-sized whole cauliflower, 6 minutes; medium-sized whole onions, 6 to 8 minutes; halved potatoes, medium size, 6 minutes; whole new potatoes, small, 8 minutes, medium size, 10 minutes.



Note: Sliced potatoes may be cooked with any of the vegetables taking two or three minutes to cook provided potatoes are sliced thinner than $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

FISH TIMBALES WITH TARTARE SAUCE

(Cooking time 15 minutes.)

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped red pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flaked cooked fish (fresh or salted), salt and pepper to taste, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 eggs.

Melt margarine or butter, add onion and peppers. Sauté 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add crumbs, milk, fish, salt, pepper,

lemon juice, and lastly the beaten eggs. Fill into well-greased individual moulds, cover with several layers of waxed paper securely tied. Place on rack in cooker with 1 cup of water. Pressure cook 15 minutes. Reduce pressure quickly, unmould, and serve at once with hot tartare sauce.

FRENCH STEAK

(Cooking time 25 minutes.)

One and a half pounds topside or round steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, 1 onion, 2 carrots, 2 parsnips, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), spaghetti, tomato wedges, parsley.

Trim steak, cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes.

THE APPETISING DISHES illustrated above were all pressure cooked in about one-third of the time they would have taken cooked in the usual way. Dishes include French steak with spaghetti, fish timbales, spicy fruit pudding, and vegetables.

Melt fat in cooker, add meat and brown lightly. Remove meat, add flour and brown. Stir in salt, sugar, tomato puree, and water. Stir until boiling. Return meat, add very thickly sliced onion, carrots, parsnips, and celery (cut into large dice), and red pepper (if used). Pressure cook 25 minutes. Serve with border of spaghetti, garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

SPICY FRUIT PUDDING

(Cooking time 50 minutes.)

Three ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 4oz. mixed fruit, 2oz. peel.

Cream shortening, sugar, and lemon rind. Add egg, mixing well, then fruit and peel. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Put into greased basin, cover with two thicknesses greaseproof paper, firmly tied on. Stand on rack in cooker, add 2 pints boiling water. Adjust lid and steam 20 minutes; bring to pressure and pressure cook 30 minutes. Turn pudding on to enamel plate, and dry surface in moderate oven before serving.

Continued on page 54

You'll skip
through
the day..



..after a good, sound sleep

... thanks to Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

Life holds no problems for children when they're feeling fit, sleeping soundly every night. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita before bed ensures a deep, untroubled sleep. The kind of sleep that refreshes mind and body — prepares them for whatever the day brings forth.

Bourn-vita's wonderful flavour and natural goodness come from the health-packed ingredients — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and delicious chocolate. Bourn-vita is a delightful drink that is good for you.

Bourn-vita comes in two sizes — the one pound tin is 4/6 and the half pound tin 2/6. Try this wonderful, easy way to health...



Sleep sweeter

BOURN-VITA

The greatest health drink
of them all.



M-M-M-M
IT'S DELICIOUS

V19/3C/0



DESSERT PRUNES and grated orange rind combine to flavor this delicious and wholesome loaf, which wins first prize this week. Served spread with cream cheese or butter, it deserves a prominent place on the afternoon-tea or supper table. See recipe.

Prizes go to these...

A QUICKLY mixed delicious loaf, flavored with prunes and orange rind, wins this week's main prize of £5 in our readers' recipe contest.

Wholemeal flour is used in conjunction with plain flour, giving the loaf extra nutritive value. The recipe is reasonably economical because only 2oz. shortening and 2 eggs are required, and the yield is one large or two small loaves.

Sherried oxtail soup, a consolation prizewinner, is appetising for cold nights. Sherry may be omitted without spoiling flavor.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

PRUNE AND ORANGE LOAF

One and a half cups white self-raising flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 lb. soft dessert prunes, grated rind of 2 oranges, 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups water, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2 eggs.

Sift white flour and salt and mix with unsifted wholemeal flour. Add finely chopped prunes. Simmer orange rind, sugar, and 1 cup of the water for 10 minutes. Add balance of water (heated), adding more if necessary to make up to 1 1/2 cups. Melt shortening, mix with beaten eggs. Add to dry ingredients alternately with orange syrup, making a

smooth mixture. Bake in a large greased loaf-pan, 9in. x 6in. x 3in., or in 2 nut-roll tins, in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) about 1 1/2 hours for large loaf, 50 minutes for 2 small rolls. Stand overnight before slicing. Serve with butter or with cream cheese.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. R. Fuller, Urunga, Bellinger River, N.S.W.

SHERRIED OXTAIL SOUP

One oxtail, 2 tablespoons flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 or 2 bacon bones, 3 onions, 2 carrots, 3 stalks celery, 1 small swede, 2 cloves, 10 peppercorns, 2 1/2 quarts water, salt to taste, extra 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup sherry.

Cut oxtail into joints. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, then strain. Dry joints, coat with seasoned flour. Brown well in hot fat. Add ham, sliced or diced vegetables, cloves, and peppercorns. Cook until vegetables are browned. Add bacon bones, stock, and salt; simmer 3 1/2 to 4 hours. Remove tail joints, allow to become cold, remove fat. Thicken with blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Add sherry and serve hot with toast croutons.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Morris, 24 Thornleigh St., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Pressure cooking Continued from page 53

BRAISED OXTAIL

(Cooking time 1 to 1 1/2 hours according to size).

One oxtail, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 cups stock or water, 1 cup diced celery, 1/2 cup diced carrots, 1 small chopped onion, pinch herbs, chopped parsley.

Wash tail well, dry, cut into joints. Coat thoroughly with seasoned flour. Melt fat in pressure-pan, add meat, brown well. Add salt, pepper, and stock or water. Stir until boiling. Add celery, carrot, onion, and herbs. Pressure cook 1 1/2 hours if oxtail is large, 1 hour if tail is small. Reduce pressure, sprinkle meat with chopped parsley before serving on hot dish.

BOLAR POT ROAST

(Actual cooking time 45 minutes for 3lb. joint).

Three pounds of bolar roast (cut from lower portion of shoulder of beef), sufficient melted fat to barely cover bottom of pressure-pan, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 2 sticks celery, 2 carrots, flour to thicken gravy.

Trim meat. Rub thoroughly with flour, mustard, cinnamon, nutmeg, brown sugar, salt, pepper, and lemon rind mixed together. Brown meat slowly and evenly on all sides in hot fat in pressure-pan. Remove, add onion and brown lightly. Add stock or water, stir until boiling. Place meat on rack in pan, adjust lid, pressure cook 40 minutes. Reduce pressure, add halved carrots and chopped celery. Pressure cook 5 minutes longer. Reduce pressure, lift meat and vegetables on to hot dish, remove rack. Make liquid in pan up to 1 1/2 cups, thicken with blended flour, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Serve over and around meat.

SPAGHETTI

(Cooking time 5 to 7 minutes). Half-pound spaghetti, 4 pints water, 1 tablespoon salt.

Bring water and salt to boiling point in uncovered pressure-pan. Add spaghetti, stir until boiling point is again reached. Cover and bring to pressure over very low heat. Pressure cook 5 to 7 minutes. Reduce pressure quickly, drain spaghetti, then pour hot water through and over spaghetti to improve appearance.

Note: Macaroni is cooked in the same way, allowing 7 to 8 minutes cooking time.

After 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Before 40 skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil. Replace this lost oil with a product especially suited to drying skin—Pond's Dry Skin Cream.



Around Eyes—dry skin 'crow's feet' come, skin takes on a crinkled look.

To 'Uncrinkle' Dry Lines—finger-tip very gently by your eyes with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Leave cream on eye lids all night. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized, extra-softening.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin—very like oil of skin. 2. It is homogenized—to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening 'grain' after. At night work in richly. By day use lightly under make-up. Available at chemists and leading stores in economy size jars—4/-.

Mrs. RUTGERS DUKE—lovely American socialite, says: 'My skin looks so much smoother and softer, since I've used Pond's Dry Skin Cream.'

PSO-7

10 DAYS FROM NOW—YOUR SYSTEM CAN BE IMMUNE FROM COLDS AND 'FLU

—and you can get through the most trying winter without them. Build up real resistance to infection with Anti-Bi-San, the protective tablet that establishes immunity through the blood stream. No disturbing after-effects. One box of Anti-Bi-San provides a complete 10-day course.

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS
11 1/3 Adult, 9 Child

★ The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 10-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet to Sub-Distributors:
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makes baby's hair grow
curly—at all Chemists
and Stores—3/8. c.s.

Drink Habit Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 32 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 30/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

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~~pleasing~~
~~MEAL PLANNING~~ THE EASY WAY

WITH THE
Swift
HOT PACK RANGE

There's a deliciously prepared, palatable, hot pack for every occasion . . . Weekend or week-day, the SWIFT HOT PACK RANGE quickly turns "meal planning" into "meal pleasing" for the whole family. Simply heat, serve, and satisfy . . . it's so easy — it's SWIFT!



THE **Swift** HOT PACK RANGE

- CORNED BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES
- BEEF AND VEGETABLES
- MEAT BALLS
- LAMB AND PEAS
- CASSEROLE STEAK
- VIENNA SAUSAGE
- IRISH STEW
- STEAK & KIDNEY PUDDING
- BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS



GROCER SAM SAYS—

Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD—





There's life and sparkle in a bubbling glass of Andrews, for Andrews gives Inner Cleanliness — it refreshes and invigorates. First: Andrews sweetens the mouth. Next: Andrews settles the stomach and corrects digestive upsets. Then: Andrews tones up the liver. Finally: Andrews gently clears the system of trouble-making impurities. Try a sparkling glass to-morrow!

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT
COOLS, REFRESHES, INVIGORATES



Rich....Nourishing...
Concentrated
and made
with

**TABLE
BUTTER**

... treat your
family today
with delicious

**WHITE CROW
Tomato Soup**

A PRODUCT OF FRANCIS LONGMORE & CO. LTD.



Art director's home

HOME - PLANNERS will be interested in these glimpses of M.G.M. art director Cedric Gibbons' Californian home, which he designed.

LEFT: Stepped dressing-tables are built in, with wall mirror reflecting storage wall in main bedroom.

Beauty from Azaleas

AZALEAS are one of the most beautiful and decorative of all shrubs now under cultivation, and are very easy to grow.

Some of them will carry blooms for months, and as they rarely all bloom at the one time it is possible to have a few providing color almost the year round.

There are both single and double varieties, and also deciduous as well as evergreen types. They vary in height from a few inches (the Japanese Kurume types) to giants that may reach 10 to 12 feet tall and up to 20 feet across.

The double flowering types and Kurumes give most satisfaction when grown in positions exposed only to morning sunshine, or where they get broken sunshine only through trees or a bushhouse.

Rules for successful cultivation are relatively simple and consist merely of the provision of acid soil (absolutely no lime), no fresh manure, no close cultivation, which might cut or disturb their shallow surface roots, regular control of red spider and lace bug, and regular watering (particularly in summer).

Avoid planting the shrubs, which take years to grow and are moderately expensive, in soil containing lime, or traces of mortar. To counteract such a condition, give the soil a dressing of sulphate of aluminium or sulphur. Normally a dressing of 2oz. of the sulphate to the square yard will be found sufficient, but if lime is suspected it is advisable to have the soil tested. Pale green or yellowing leaves denote



AZALEAS flourish in tree shade in a garden at Wahroonga, N.S.W.

the presence of lime or an alkaline condition. The trouble can be rectified by applying the sulphate of aluminium, well watered in.

Fresh manure must not be used in the ground as it tends to burn the fine roots which appear very near the surface. The azalea is not a rank feeder. A light mulching of old cow manure and some leaf mould will help to keep the roots cool and moist during summer. The shrubs die very quickly once they get thirsty, and should be visited every day during the hottest months and water applied copiously if any wilting is noticed.

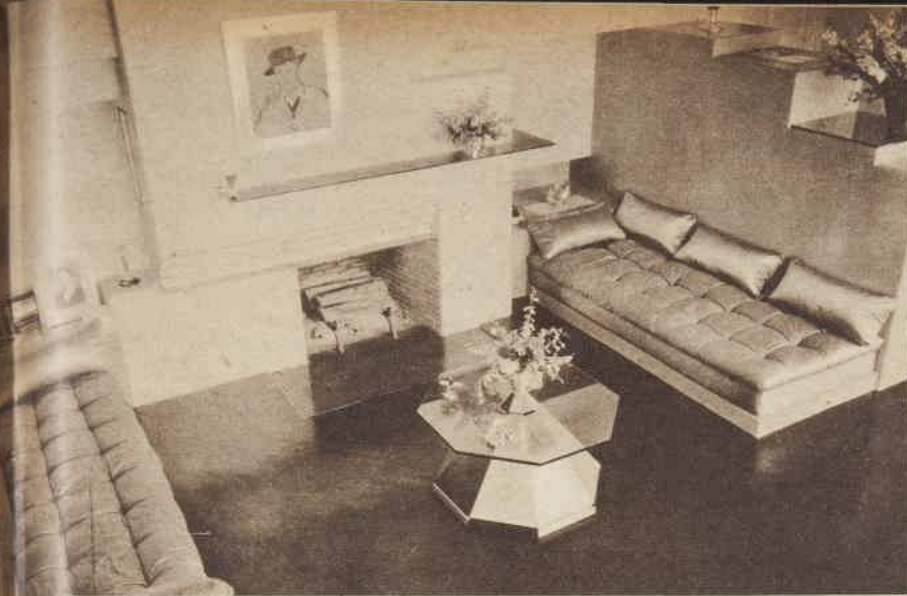
Lace bug, a small fly-like creature, causes much trouble to this family. It can be controlled by regular sprayings of derris or water-soluble DDT. Red spider needs to be dusted with sulphur.—Our Home Gardener.

Early beauty culture

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

NATURE endows young things with a certain beauty and it is every mother's wish to foster and develop this beauty.

Good pre-natal and post-natal diet, basis of health and beauty, is discussed, with suggestions for "Beauty Culture for Baby," in a leaflet obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



FIREPLACE scene in living-room of Cedric Gibbons' modern home. Cedric Gibbons, who as a youth studied architecture and design, receives scores of letters weekly from U.S.A. home planners for details of exteriors and interiors of homes they have seen in films.

DOLMAN SWEATER

FORMULA for winter loveliness—a bright color on a dull day; knit this sweater in a gay sunny color and be warm and pretty.

Materials: 11 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof crochet wool, shade No. 2185 (maize). This is the only wool that should be used. 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 32 to 34in.; length of sleeve seam, 18in.

Note: For 36in. bust, use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, sl. slip.

Tension: 15 sts., 2in.; 18 rows, 2in.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 5th st. (122 sts.). Work in following patt.:

1st Row: K 20, * p 2, k 6; rep. from * to last 22 sts., p 2, k 20.

2nd Row: P 20, * k 2, p 6; rep. from * to last 22 sts., k 2, p 20.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

5th Row: K 20, * p 2, sl. next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k 3, k the 3 sts. from spare needle, rep. from * to last 22 sts., p 2, k 20.

6th Row: Rep. 2nd row.

Rep. these 6 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 142 sts.

When work measures 9 1/2 in., cast on 3 sts. at the beg. of every row until inc. to 322 sts.

Next Row: K 67, (k twice into next st., k 25) twice, k twice into next st., work 82 sts. in patt., k twice into next st., (k 25, k twice into next st.) twice, k 67. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: K 68 sts., (k twice into next st., k 26) twice, k twice into next st., work 82 sts. in patt., k twice into next st., (k 26, k twice into next st.) twice, k 68. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: K 69, (k twice into next st., k 27) twice, k twice into next st., work 82 sts. in patt., k twice into next st., (k 27, k twice into next st.) twice, k 69.

Cont. in this way, inc. 6 sts. every 4th row and working 1 extra st. between increasings until inc. to 332 sts. Work should now measure 18in. Shape neck as follows: Work 172 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cut off loosely 8 sts., work 172 sts. Cont. on last 172 sts. as follows:



NOTHING NEWER—NOTHING WARMER. A handknit dolman-sleeved sweater with an attractively cable-stitched front which has a slimming effect.

1st and Alternate Rows: Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., work 34 sts. (k twice into next st., k 30) twice, k twice into next st., k 72.

4th Row: K 2 tog., work to end.

6th Row: K 2 tog., work 30 sts. (k twice into next st., k 31) twice, k twice into next st., k 73.

8th Row: Repeat 4th row.

10th Row: K 2 tog., work 26 sts., (k twice into next st., k 32) twice, k twice into next st., k 74 (170 sts.).

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 2 1/2 in. Inc. 1 st. at neck edge every row 4 times. Leave these sts. on a spare needle

and work other side to correspond, working each row from the end to the beg. Cast on loosely 22 sts. at neck edge, then work the sts. from spare needle (370 sts.).

Next Row: K 74 (k 2 tog., k 32) twice, k 2 tog., work 82 sts. in patt., k 2 tog., (k 32, k 2 tog.) twice, k 74. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: K 73 (k 2 tog., k 31) twice, k 2 tog., work 82 sts., k 2 tog., (k 31, k 2 tog.) twice, k 73.

Cont. to dec. 6 sts. every 4th row, working 1 less st. between dec. until dec. to 322 sts. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of every row until dec. to 142 sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures the same as for front before commencing the side seam shaping. K 2 tog. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 122 sts. Work 9 rows, dec. to 102 sts.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 1/2 in. Cast off in ribbing.

CUFFS

Using No. 12 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k about 60 sts. along lower edge of sleeve. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off in ribbing.

NECKBAND

Using 4 No. 12 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k about 112 sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams.

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F6067.—One-piece with unusual pleating arrangement. Pattern includes short and three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

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F6066

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